

30th
19

LIFE;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES
OF
WILLIAM RAMBLE, Esq.

WITH THREE FRONTISPIECES,
DESIGNED BY IBBETSON,
HIGHLY ENGRAVED,
AND
TWO NEW and BEAUTIFUL SONGS,
WITH THE MUSIC
BY PLEYEL AND STERKEL.

By the Author of MODERN TIMES;
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF GABRIEL OUTCAST.

IN THREE VOLUMES,
VOL. I.

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ERRATA.

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- 18 last line but one, *for* scattering *read* scattered
55 last line, *read* This opinion of
69 line 5. *for* ever *read* even
70 line 5. *for* attend *read* attended
72 last line but one, should run thus :—not but
acquiesce in these sentiments
73 line 2. *for* he enlivens *read* to enliven
—— 13. *for* as *read* was
77 last line but two, *dele* not
89 line 4. *after* secured *read* they

VOL. II.

- 95 line 11. *for* forgot *read* forget
150 last line but one, *for* was *read* being
163 last line but two, *after* self *read* and
206 line 10. *for* I *read* you
207 line 5. *for* conversi *read* conversing

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- 14 line 12. *for* a *read* and
22 line 10. *dele* and
116 line 12. *for* then *read* that
128 line 2. *for* lose *read* love

There are some others, but of no importance.

Place the Song—Pleyel, face page 38.

—— Sterkel, face page 71.

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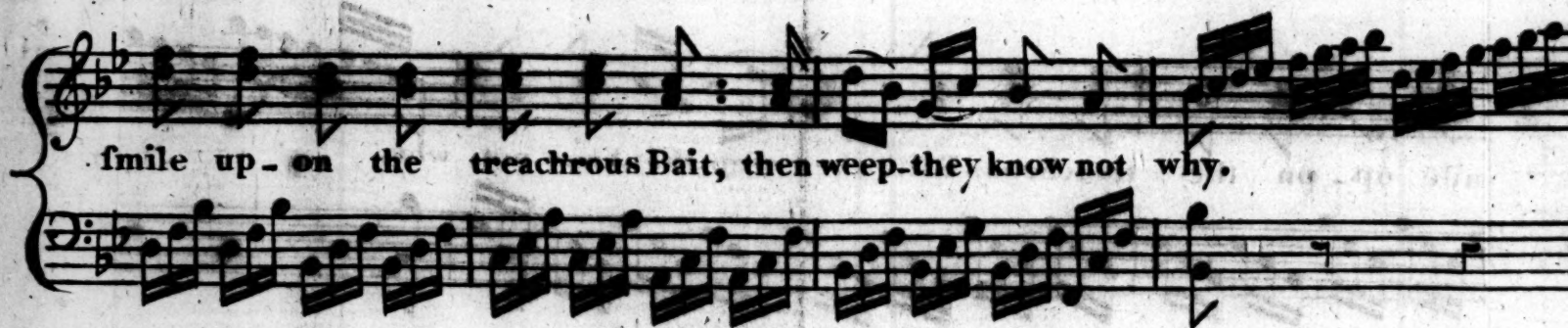
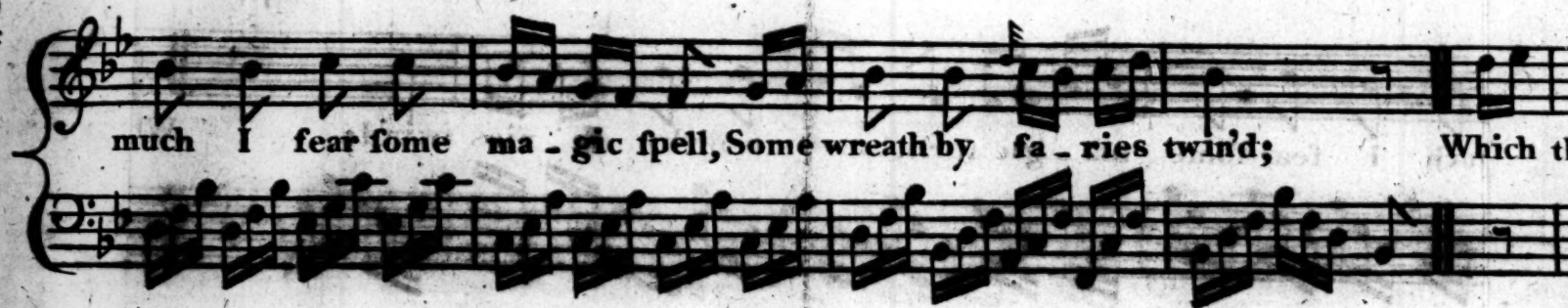
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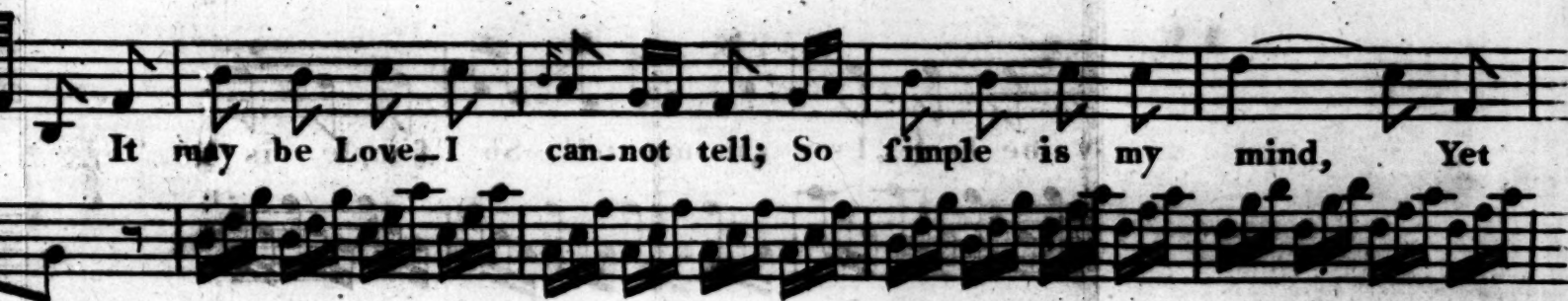
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Andante



The Music by Pleyel



It may be Love—I can not tell; So simple is my mind, Yet



Which those who wear, are doom'd by fate, to feel their senses fly; - - - To



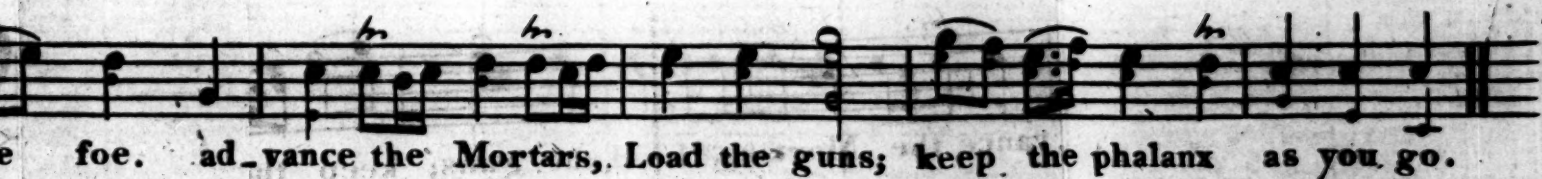
MARCH

Unroll the Banners, strike the tents; Clouds of dust announce the fo

What should alarm us? See they form. Conquest eludes th'impending storm, R

fee, they fly us; Keep the line. Shouts of joy the foe dismays. Sound, found the true

By Sterkel

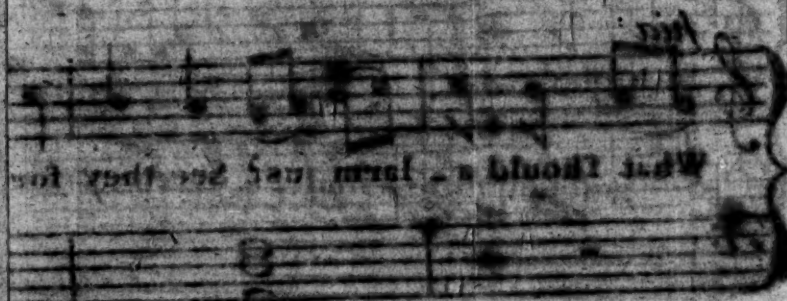


MARCH

For
We will the Banner, Union it



And
What should a farm and see they for



1
Be there's not keeping the show



THE
ADVENTURES

OF

WILL. RAMBLE, Esq.

CHAP. I

THE world is the great scene
of life, through which we are
to scramble; of course the know-
ledge of that world, is the best sci-
ence we can learn; but open as it
is to the view of every man, spread

VOL. I.

B

as

as the volume is before us, it is not every one that can read, and fewer there are, that as they read can understand.

Novels have been introduced to delineate and depict this scene, and characters have been drawn to shew the manners and disposition of the people; but they have in general been so ill penned, as to destroy the very end they aimed at. The characters they have exhibited, have been so deformed, as to bear no resemblance to nature; the traits of life have been so exaggerated, and the truth of things so masked, as to deceive the reader, instead of informing

informing him; and the dullness and insipidity of modern novels have been such, as to disgust and tire him, before he has got half way through them. There are but few men capable of painting life as it is, those only who have travelled on, for a number of years, through the various scenes of it, and made observations as they passed; and even these without the happy art of drawing characters to the life, making a proper selection of them, and bringing them in properly to their aid, can neither hope to improve, or to entertain: but a novel fraught with observation, full of incident, and replete with worldly knowledge, is the most

instructive book a young mind can read; for thus, learning wisdom from the rashness and folly of others, he will be able to see his way before him, avoid the snares and calamities too often attendant upon life, and, perhaps, make his way to the end of it, with ease and comfort.

It is on this principle, and with the prospect of being of use to mankind, that I have attempted to lay before the world, the adventures of a young man, who, in the course of a very few years, saw as much of the world, as most others have done in double his time. I was very intimate with him, and of course, am

as

as well able to recite his adventures, as he could have done himself; he is now no more, and having left no family, I have no ear to wound. The occurrences he met with in life, when related by him to me, were highly entertaining, and I will endeavour to transmit them so to my readers.

My friend, Will. Ramble, was the son and only child of a country gentleman, who was great part of his life a Colonel of militia of a county in the south of England: he bred up his son to a military life, instilled into him principles of high honour, and gave him a finished

education; he was naturally a brave man, of a fine soldier-like figure, and a polished gentleman; but never having been, during his father's life, much in the world, except in the military line, in which he was bred; and it being time of peace, his ideas were in a great measure confined to the manners and customs of the district in which he lived. His father, however, had brought him on by purchase in the army, and he was a Lieutenant Colonel of foot, at the age of twenty-eight, when the old gentleman died; on looking into his father's effects, he found himself possessed of a good family-mansion, in the west; an estate of about seven hundred

hundred pounds a year, and about three thousand pounds in securities. Having no tye to fix him to any particular spot, and fortunately having found a tenant for his house and land, he determined to spend some part of his money in the ramble of a few years, in search of that information he found himself deficient in; that is, to acquire a knowledge of men and manners, from the objects as they pass before him; as much as to say, to travel first through his own country, and next, to see what was doing in the neighbouring ones; perhaps, says he, in this excursion I may pick up a wife, with a fortune equal to my

own, that may enable me to retire to my native place, and live with as much credit as did my father before me; in which case I will turn my sword into a plough-share: if not, and a war should break out, I will pursue the line of my profession, and devote my life to the service of my country.

These were my friend Will's principles, and with these he sat out, not for the metropolis, the centre to which all the young and the giddy fly; but proceeded to the extent of his line at first, beginning at the very North of the Highlands, and determining to retreat southward.

The Colonel took with him an
honest

honest faithful servant, an Irishman, that had been recommended to him by a Brigadier-General, who had served several campaigns in India, and who having no further occasion for him, urged my friend to take him, as a man who had travelled through most countries, had a great deal of shrewd cunning, a courage and steadiness equal to a bull-dog, and a fidelity not to be corrupted, and scarcely to be equalled. He had lost an eye, in an engagement, but was not on that account the more unfightly for a soldier's service. He was truly disciplined, and as such, obedient to command; and though somewhat coarse in his language,

had a certain honesty about him, that made him a valuable acquisition.

His name was Flint, and his rank a Corporal. When his master consigned him to my friend, he said, " Flint, you have had a hard service with *me*, and it is time you should have a furlough. I am almost worn out in arms; you are a young man, (for he was not more than forty years of age) and that quiet retreat, that I may co- yet, will ill suit your busy, bustling spirit; I recommend you, therefore, to my friend Ramble; he is a brother-soldier, if another war should break

" break out, with him you may see
 " a little more of service; be faithful
 " to him, as you have been to me,
 " and he will love you as much as
 " I do." " Flint," returned the Cor-
 poral, " and please your honor, will
 " serve your friend as he would serve
 " yourself. Ill as dame Fortune has
 " treated me, I shall not be unwill-
 " ling to enlist again under her
 " banners, and give our enemies ano-
 " ther drubbing; and if I find in
 " Squire Ramble, as good a com-
 " mander as your honor, I trust he
 " will find me as good a foldier."

CHAP. II.

I SHALL not give my readers a detail of the various stages our hero passed, nor a descriptive account of the several places at which he stopped; I mean neither to be a journalist, nor a travel-writer, but shall relate only the principal adventures of his life, and the extraordinary characters he met with. Upon this plan I shall only say, that
getting

getting letters of recommendation into the North, as a gentleman upon his travels, he made the best of his way into the Highlands, and was well received at the house of Mr. Campbell, a Laird of a Clan, in that part of the world. This gentleman's family consisted of his wife and daughter, and a young lady a niece of Mrs. Campbell's, the daughter of Mr. Raspe, a Liverpool merchant, a little hot-headed, impetuous man, who had a brother settled in London, and who having been knighted, increased the jealousy of this old man beyond conception; he had amassed a large fortune in the Slave-Trade, and having an only child, this

Miss

Miss Raspe, his foolish plan was, to marry her, if possible, to a Lord, and thus out-do his brother in point of ideal consequence; to this end he deprived himself almost of the necessities of life, to add to his capital; and lest his daughter, a fine girl, should pick up a husband of her own, and thus baffle his expectations, he placed her, from the age of thirteen, under the care of his sister, married to this Mr. Campbell, determining to keep her there, as it were, out of the world, till she was of a marriageable age. In the house of Mr. Campbell, the Colonel was very well received, and on account of Miss Raspe, for whom he conceived a liking,

liking, and whose fortune led further to an attachment, he was induced to make a longer stay with the family than he at first intended.

It is not to be wondered at, that Miss Raspe, though immured in the cold regions of the North, should at her time of life, then just sixteen, feel a glow in her breast, at the many fine sentiments Col. Ramble was capable of uttering, and become enamoured with what she heard from so handsome a man. He addressed her with all the warmth of a lover, and all the animation of a soldier, and though his opportunities were but few, he availed himself of them, and

and he being the first fashionable man she had seen, she became presently in love with him.

There was nothing in the character of Miss Raspe singular or worth remarking; it is sufficient to say, she was a girl of spirit, of fine figure, had a pleasing face, and was altogether an object of admiration. It was necessary to conceal their liking for each other, her father having acquainted his sister with his design, and all they could do was to plan how they should meet each other in future. Mrs. Campbell was as watchful as an Argus, but the Colonel found means to settle the business through

through Flint, who was as industrious and cautious as a spy.

Scarce had he made his *entrée* at Mr. Campbell's house, than he was waited on by Mr. Macanochy, a Scotch Priest, the Minister of the parish, one of those officious men who are always in our way, and who came now to welcome the Colonel to Fochabar, that being the name of the parish.

The Colonel had, by means of his servant Flint, just received a letter from Miss Raspe, which he was kissing with fervency when Macanochy entered the room without any introduction,

duction. " In gude troth Sir, you
 " seem, (said he) if my eyne dinna
 " deceive me, to be mair in love
 " with that lettre, than ony bra lad
 " of the Highlands I hae yet seen,
 " wi his bonnie lassie." " Indeed,
 " replied the Colonel, I am; it is
 " from the dearest friend I have, and I
 " am impatient to read its contents,"

" Dinna let me interrupt you then,
 " (said Macanochy) dinna let me in-
 " terrupt you." Here he took some
 snuff with his right hand, from the
 left hand pocket of his waistcoat,
 which was full of it, and filling his
 nose, scattering it plentifully down
 his bosom, the Colonel took this
 oppor-

opportunity of opening the letter. Scarce had he passed his eye over the first line, but Macanochy drew up close along side of him, and tapped him on the sleeve with " an ye
 " be a freend of the Campbell faa-
 " malie, youre cum in a loocky
 " our; for we are to hae a muster
 " of the Clan in the morning;" but observing the Colonel impatient to read his letter adds, " dinna let me
 " interrupt ye, maun; dinna let me
 " interrupt ye;" (and takes another pinch) but scarce had the Colonel read another line, but he approaches him as before with, " I am bold to
 " say, we muster mair men in Focha-
 " bar, than in ony paarish in aw the
 " Highlands."

" Highlands." I beg your pardon,
 replied the Colonel, with a degree
 of mortification, " I shall be happy
 " to hear your story, and see your
 " muster, at any other time; but this
 " letter requires an immediate an-
 " swer, and I hope you will excuse
 " me." " In Gode's name (replies
 " Macanochy) dinna let me interrupt
 " ye; gang awa, read your letter,
 " and answer it." At this moment
 Flint entered the room, as upon some
 business, and the Colonel took that
 opportunity of leaving it, saying to
 Flint as he passed, don't let him fol-
 low me. Flint seeing Macanochy
 going after his master, shouldered
 his stick, and placing himself against
 the

the door as a centinel, cried out aloud, " who goes there; who are " you; where do you come from; " where are you going?" I must not omit here to notice, that Flint, though he did not wear a uniform, was dressed something like a soldier; he wore a kind of travelling fur-cap, with a cockade in it, a short jacket, and a pair of gaters. Macanochy was almost as strange a figure; a man upwards of fifty, of a fallow complexion, and so highly characteristic of his country were his cheek-bones, that it was doubtful whether he had the right use of his eyes, which seemed full of suspicion; of snuff he appeared a monopolizer, the
left

left hand pocket of his waistcoat (as I have observed) was full of it, and the line from that to his nose totally covered with it; he was dressed in a rusty, black coat, and a flouched hat. Flint knew not what to make of him, but was determined to obey his master's orders; Macanochy, finding himself repulsed, drew back with surprise; for though he was mean and shabby in appearance, he was not wanting in national pride. Indeed the ancient pride of the Clans was so great, that a late Duke of Argyle, whose name was Campbell, and who used to treat his tenantry as the greatest vassals, riding up to a gate, near which sat reading, a son of one of his tenants, lately returned

returned from abroad, would not deign to speak to him, but pointed to the gate, and made a sign to him to open it. The man took no notice of this, but continued reading. The Duke made a second signal to the same end, and finding it unattended to, cried with an imperious tone of voice, "D—m you fellow, why "dinna you open the yate? dinna you "ken me? Open it." "Na na," retorts the other—"I am a Campbell mysel."

But to return to my story, Macanochy finding himself repulsed by Flint, started back with surprize. "An ye "dinna ken Mefs John Macanochy," said he, "I maun tell ye freend, "that I am Minnister of the paarish, "and am to be treated with unco respect."

“ respect.” “ A centinel,” cries Flint,
 “ at an out-post, knows no respect
 “ of parsons; if you were *king*, honey,
 “ of the parish, you could not pass
 “ this way without the watch-word.”

“ In gude troth, (returns Macano-
 “ chy) if we are to ask questions; in
 “ the name of St. Andrew, who, and
 “ what are you?” “ In the name of
 “ St. Patrick, (retorts Flint) a soldier,
 “ and on duty, not to be corrupted.”

Macanochy's patience now gave way,
 he laid hold of Flint's cuff, and en-
 deavoured to pull him aside; but
 Flint shoved him back and present-
 ing his staff at him, cryed with a
 vociferous voice, “ keep your distance,

or

" or I will run my bayonet through
" you."

Macanochy, finding a passage that
way impracticable, replied with a
little more coolness, and comforting
himself with a favorite pinch: " though
" your profession cheild is war, mine is
" peace; if I canna pass ane way, I
" will anither; we wonna wrangle
" about it, but stay ye there in
" Gode's name, and discharge your
" duty;" and went out at another
door.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE arrival of Mr. Raspe was now announced in the family: hearing that a certain English nobleman had placed his son at Florence, under the idea of improvement, but in fact with a design to keep him there till his boyish days were over, that he might make no improper attachment;—Mr. Raspe understanding this, determined to take his daughter to Florence, to throw her in the

the way of this young nobleman ; hoping to captivate him in a place where English beauties and good fortunes were rare. With this view he set out for Scotland to fetch his daughter, and unluckily for all the parties, arrived at Campbell Hall, whilst my friend Will was there.

This arrival, unexpected and unforeseen, disconcerted the young folks exceedingly ; the old man alarmed at the appearance of a red coat, in a place, where he so little expected it, and dreading, as well he might, that it would tend to an abortion of his scheme ; had scarce set his foot in the house, but he attacked his sister in the following manner :

“ So, sister, you have done a pretty job

“ for me ; you are a fine one to trust to,
“ how I could rely upon a *woman* I
“ don’t know. I placed my daughter,
“ my only child, under your care, your
“ damned care, and prettily I am like
“ to smart for it.” “ My good bro-
“ ther, (returns she) what is the matter,
“ what puts you out of temper?”

“ Matter enough, (retorts he was-
“ pishly) have not I sunk all my hopes
“ in that girl? Have I not relied on your
“ care and good management? And
“ pretty magagement it is ! I *did*, sister,
“ hope, by sending her to you, that she
“ would be out of all danger ; free from
“ the snares that are ever laid for a
“ good fortune, and that the time would
“ come,

" come, when I should find her an honour
" and a credit to me. But instead of this,
" you have admitted, nay *introduced*, a
" trumpery red-coated scoundrel to
" her, and cannot even answer for her
" affections not being gone." " In-
" deed, brother, you are too soon alarm-
" ed, (answered Mrs. Campbell) the
" Colonel has been a very short time
" here, and it is uncertain whether
" he will stay six hours." " Six
" hours! (retorts he) I hate these
" lobstering fellows. I wish I had
" him at Bonny, aboard one of my
" Guinea ships, I would soon trans-
" port him to the West Indies.
" They are as infidious as rattle-
" snakes,

" snakes, and like them, carry their
 " venom in their tails. Six hours ! —
 " I would not trust her with him
 " six minutes; he would poison
 " her in *half* the time." I am
 " surpris'd (says Mrs. Campbell)
 " you can speak so disrespect-
 " fully of persons of condition; your
 " hasty ways bring you little comfort,
 " and much less credit; the Colonel
 " is a man of the highest honour
 " and character, and you do him a
 " great deal of injustice."

Raspe, somewhat matched, and
 somewhat modulated peevishly told
 his sister, there was little either of
 character or honour that buzzed round
 a pretty

a pretty girl, much more one with
 a good fortune; and let the Colo-
 nel be ever so honourable, or ever
 so proper a man in her opinion, he
 would take good care to frustrate her
 intentions. " Indeed, brother, (said
 " she) your troubles are imaginary, and
 " if you will be silly enough to listen
 " to every idle report that is brought
 " you, you may have troubles indeed.
 " The Colonel has no such thought,
 " I am sure; and if you will as
 " readily believe me as you do others,
 " you will find there is no foundation
 " in any thing you have heard.

This speech of Mrs. Campbell's,
 C 4 though .

though it produced a very different emotion in the mind of her brother, did not produce a very different effect; for his natural violence made it self as useful to him as it could, on all occasions; for when pleased he was as loud as when angry.

How, how! (retorts he, with a forced laugh) no *foundation*! I am glad of that, glad indeed; it shall be my fault then if he lays the first stone.

To prevent any further altercation she left him, and no sooner was she gone, than he was suddenly accosted by Macanochy, who came bowing low

low into the room, as he advanced, plying his nostrils alternately with snuff, from the ball of his thumb, thus producing an attitude truly ridiculous..

Having given my readers the figure of this man, to shew them the contrast, it is proper I should give them some description of Raspe. He was of a low stature, reduced by the fever of his fretful brain, to a most abject state of proportion, which the number of his years only served to heighten. When he thought proper to dress himself, (one of nature's greatest curiosities) it was not vanity, but from an idea, that it was necessary to preserve every thing from rust; therefore an occasional rub, and

covering up, was his substitute for decoration. He wore a scratch wig, his hat was of Oliverian mould, and his coat without a collar, long in the waist, short in the skirts, was of a colour, best suited to hide the defects of age, and ornamented with a double row of angular buttons.

Macanochy, on approaching Raspe, thus addressed him: “ As an intimate
 “ friend of the Campbell family, I
 “ tak the liberty of introducing myself
 “ to you; we have been lang expect-
 “ ing you; you are dootless enchanted
 “ with the improvement and elegance
 “ of your daughter;—oh! she’s a bonny
 “ lassie.”——“ Sir, (retorts Raspe, with
 “ impatience)

"impatience) you break in upon me,
 "when my mind is too disturbed
 "to" "Patience, my gude Sir, (says
 "Macanochy, interrupting him, and
 "tapping him on the elbow) is a ver-
 "tue, and its opposite maun be a veece.
 "It is an unco peety, therefore, you
 "should be impatient, when patience
 "would answer a muckle better end;
 "(and taking another darling pinch)
 "patience has made more conquests
 "than many armies;—patience has got-
 "the better of the greatest tyrants;—
 "patience. . . ."

Raspe, sick of this long story of a
 virtue he had so little in himself, and
 not being in the most agreeable mood,

replied, " I suppose you mean to try
 " my patience—I will have no experi-
 " ments made on me—I presume you are
 " a parson, by your preaching?" " You
 " are unco richt, Sir, returned Macano-
 " chy; I am minnister of the gospel in
 " this parish, my name is Macanochy,
 " my father and grandfather, have been
 " minnisters of Fochabar, since the year
 " 1701. I hate mony words, or I could
 " tell ye, we can trace our family as
 " far back, as when the great Huntly
 " defeated" Raspe was the last per-
 son the minister should have fixed on,
 to have amused with such long stories;
 his mind was better suited, even in his
 good humours, to few words, and at a
 time he was ready to burst with appre-
 henensions

henfions from the Colonel, to be interrupted with fuch a tirefome old fellow, was enough to turn his brain, he once more therefore faid to Macanochy, " I want
 " none of your chronology; I hate hiftory;
 " I don't like my own; but if you know
 " what brought the Colonel here, fay
 " it." " Sure aneugh, (fays Macanochy,) I ken the Colonel, and the Colonel kens me; there is not a bairn in
 " aw the Highlands, that does not ken
 " the Reverend Mr. Macanochy, of
 " Fochabar, (ftrutting about and taking
 " snuff) the Colonel is a diftant freend,
 " of a Laird of a neighbouring clan,
 " who had an uncle, a Major in
 " India, who performed great wonders;
 " (counting his family on his fingers)
 he

“ he had another relation on his mither’s
 “ side, an Admiral, who signalized him-
 “ sel in mony great atchievements.”

——“ What of all this? (retorts Raspe,
 “ angrily interrupting him) How came
 “ he here?” “ Why maun, (conti-
 “ nued Macanochy, with a determined
 “ coolness) you put me oot. He has a
 “ keusin married to Lord Gramont, a
 “ very gude lady. I could say mony
 “ fine things of her, but I am a maun,
 “ like yoursel, of few words. He has
 “ another keusin married to Sir Archi-
 “ bald M’Donald, of Ochiltree, who, in
 “ the year one thousand seven hundred
 “ and seventy”. . . .“ I told you, be-
 “ fore, (said Raspe, with still greater
 “ impatience) I want no chronology,
 “ and

" and hate all history, but that of
 " negro-land. What brought the Co-
 " lonel here?"—" The Colonel (says
 " Macanochy) is a haundsome, gallant
 " fallow; every saul here loves him weel,
 " maur, women, and bairns." Raspe
 not being able to bear his prolixity any
 longer, lost his temper, and stamped
 about the room; Macanochy to make
 him still more angry, said, with a de-
 gree of contemptuous coolness. " If
 " your sheine offend you, tak them off."
 " Every body in love with him!" re-
 turns Raspe with eagerness. " Every
 " body, (replies Macanochy) and I will
 " tell you something that will make you
 " very happy—he loves your daughter,
 " and your daughter loves him."

Raspe

Raspe could no longer contain himself; and this last declaration of the passive priest maddened him; he flew, he kicked, he stamped about like one frantic, and left Macanochy stupified with amazement.

CHAP. IV.

RASPE was determined to take away his daughter the next morning, and nothing his sister could say, though she told him the Colonel was either going or gone, answered any purpose; he would not stay in a house so unfriendly to his wishes.

wishes; indeed he had no reason to dispute his sister's veracity, and when she brought him word, that the Colonel had left the house, he began to believe it; but an ill-fated accident overthrew the whole, and determined him to quit the place that very night. It happened that Mr. Raspe was lodged in the next room to Miss Campbell, divided only by a partition, in which there was a door of communication between the two rooms; in Miss Campbell's room, the young couple had occasionally met, and having settled the plan of future operations, the Colonel was just come there to take his leave of Miss Raspe, when her father had just entered the next room, in order to take off his boots; his sister was with him, reasoning

reasoning on the absurdity of his taking the matter up so seriously, and paying them so short a visit—his servant, a black, whom he had ever treated with great severity, was employed in drawing off one of his master's boots, as he sat in the chair, before the door that opened into Miss Campbell's apartment, and Mrs. Campbell was, just then, assuring him the Colonel was gone, imagining that really to have been the case—"Gone, or not gone, (cries he with " a loud voice) I will stay no longer " than to-morrow;" and then, to his slave—"Rascal, why don't you pull the " boot with more force—pull you dog, " or I will be the death of you." At that instant Miss Campbell was peeping through

through the key-hole of the inner room, saying, Mr. Raspe was in a monstrous passion, and the Colonel was taking his leave of Miss Raspe, and upon his knee, kissing her hand with the utmost fervency; when the poor black, pulling the boot with more than ordinary exertion, it slipped unexpectedly off, and losing his equilibrium, fell back violently against the door, burst it open, threw Miss Campbell upon her back, and discovered the Colonel kissing Miss Raspe's hand.

Reader, if thou can'st paint to thyself the situation of all the parties; if thou can'st picture in thy fancy the disappointment, the mortification,

tion, of every one present; if thou can'st read, in the proud looks of Mrs. Campbell, the confusion of being caught in a lie; (though an innocent one) if thou can'st feel for the disastrous situation of Miss Campbell, who was thrown almost heels over head; if thou can'st pity the discovery of the young couple's evident declaration of love; if thou can'st carry in thy mind, the horror of the black, scrambling to get up, and displaying his large white eyes and teeth, grinning with a ghastly dread of the vengeance of his master; if thou can'st have any conception of a wrathful old man, panic-struck, and rendered motionless by surprize and anger, thou wilt be able to form some idea of the condition

tion of the parties present. It was some moments, before either of them could recover from their situation. Raspe stuck fast in his chair; the Colonel riveted on his knee, Miss Raspe's hand still in his; Miss Campbell sprawling on the floor; Mrs. Campbell fixed as a statue; and the poor black trembling as for life; Raspe's eye fixed upon his sister's; and his sister's on his, seeming to upbraid each other; the Colonel and Miss with their's fixed on the ground; paint this in your mind, and thou wilt view the scene as it was. Raspe springing from his chair, flew at his daughter, and seizing her by the arm, broke this awful silence, with a, " Come Miss
 " Mum, I will not lose sight of you
 " again,

“ again, we will be off to night.” To Miss Campbell, he said, I am much obliged to you for your *attention* to my daughter; to the Colonel, “ I apprehend *you* have lost a recruit;” to his sister, sneeringly, and imitating her manner of expressing herself to him: “ the Colonel is a man of *honour*! damn his honour—no such *intention*! no *foundation*! Hell, fire, and furies!” and thus he left them.

The Colonel, though a man of spirit, felt the awkwardness of his situation, pitied the temper of the old man, was sorry for the disturbance he had occasioned, and left any thing he might say,
or

or any apologies he could make, might only exasperate the more, and render their meeting in future more difficult, thought it best to be silent.

Raspe now began to prepare for his immediate departure, as did the Colonel for his, the next morning; but the arrangement, &c. of Miss Raspe and other matters, took up the whole of the evening; and there was very little likelihood of their getting away before break of day. Raspe, however, determining not to sleep another night in the house, was busy in preparing for his journey.

The incidents of the day entirely
discomposed

discomposed the family, nor could they sit down to any regular supper. Mr. Campbell, an infirm old man, had retired to his bed, and Macanochy, whose spirit of quietism nothing could disorder, who felt himself at home in whatever house of the parish he was in, had got a snack in the larder, regaled himself alone with a pinch of snuff, and a bottle of ale, and stole away to his closet, where he was accustomed to sleep when at this house. This was unknown to any of the family, who imagined he was gone; indeed, go to what house he would, he always took his night-cap in his pocket. This closet was a recess, behind the partition of one
of

of the rooms, just large enough to hold a bed, as is the custom in Scotland, and the sliding wainscot was so contrived, as to close and shut it in.

Mr. Raspe was jarring with his sister the whole night, and would every now and then break out into such fits of rage, as to disturb the sleepers. Mr. Campbell, who had scarcely had his first nap, jumped out of bed during one of these noises, half asleep and half awake, not conceiving what it could be: he slipped on his night-gown, took up his candle, and the noise increasing, sallied forth from his chamber, and meeting with Flint at the head of the stairs; " Good

Mr. Corporal (said he) what *is* the matter?" "O', my conscience, (says Flint,) matter enough; the enemy is " storming the fort, and we shall be " all in a blaze presently."

This frightened Mr. Campbell more than ever, and he begged of the Corporal to conduct him down stairs. Flint took the candle and marched in the van, the old gentleman followed close in the rear; and as he conducted him, they passed through the room where Macanochy was closeted; but this being in a distant part of the house, the priest was not so much disturbed; they no sooner however, reached this room, than another
violent

violent noise was heard, with a great clattering and ringing of bells. " Lord, " Lord," (cries Mr. Campbell) what a " racket!" " By my fait (replies Flint,) " I like this glorious rattling; it puts " me in mind of the storming of Trin- " comalee, when the bombs flew over " our heads like hail-stones."—" Oh! it " was a joyous day your honour, and " I never shall forget it." More noise being heard, Mr. Campbell begged of the Corporal to go and learn the occasion of it, and send up one of his servants. Being now left to himself, with the candle in his hand, and the noise increasing, he got up to the further end of the room, near the closet, where Macanochy was in

bed, who, the noise having alarmed him, drew back the sliding partition suddenly, and sitting bolt upright, terrified poor Mr. Campbell, who little imagined he was there.

I must here again represent to my reader, as I have before done, the oddity of this scene: describe to yourself, a trembling old man, with a lighted taper in his hand, in a flannel night-gown, and a white cap; and his face, through fear, as colourless as his cap, quaking as he stood, imagining it was a ghost in the closet; and, Macanochy, with a snuffy face, and a dirty night cap, tied under his chin, starting also with surprize, at seeing Mr. Campbell, who he little expected

expected to see, and whom, between sleeping and waking, he conceived likewise to be an apparition: I say picture this to your imagination, and you must smile at the scene: these two ghastly personages, gazed for a moment in silence on each other, with horror.

- Macanochy broke it with, "Minnif-
 "ters of grace defend me! Be ye a gob-
 "lin!".... "No, (says his fellow ghost)
 "I am no goblin, Mr. Macanochy, I am
 "Mr. Campbell." "If you are no gob-
 "lin, (replies the priest) how came you
 "here, in all this storm?" And, on Mr.
 Campbell's telling him, he did not know
 he slept there, Macanochy continued,
 "Sleep is out of the question, it is im-

" possible to sleep in such a hurricane;
 " cats screaming, women bawling, that
 " old chield stamping, bells ringing, bag-
 " pipes blowing; and above aw, (shrug-
 " ging his shoulders) the troop of little
 " blackgentry, that infest this closet, and
 " wha hae fund their way over me, as
 " did the Lilliputians over Gulliver, as
 " he lay on the grafs. By St. Andrew,
 " (shaking himself) the wee-wee deels
 " gnaw and devour me, as if I was a lost
 " creature, given up to their tor-
 " ments; — but what is aw this fresh
 " noise aboot?"

A servant, who at that moment en-
 tered, and who had not got rightly at
 the story, reported, that Colonel Ramble
 had

had been caught with Miss Raspe, and that there was the duce to pay about it; these words were no sooner uttered, than Macanochy gathered the blanket about him, jumped out of bed, and running up to the servant with surprize, cried out, " Caught together! say you? It " is a muckle peety, they had not my " benediction first!" and, on being asked by Mr. Campbell, what good that would have done? added, " wonderful " gude; it is a ceremony that trans- " forms veece into virtue, and makes that " innocent, which, without it, is held as " criminal. Had they sent for me, I " would hae set aw to rights."

his opinion of Macanochy's, arose

D 4

from

from his misunderstanding the servant, who upon explaining himself, and saying, by being caught together, he meant only to say, they were seen in company together; and that Mr. Raspe on finding it flew into a violent passion, Macanochy consoled himself with, " If that be aw, there is nae harm dunc—" " aw's weel yet."

More noise being now heard, he went on—" the storm is gathering again, " I'll to my bed—Satan, I defy ye?" and drawing too the slider of his closet, shut himself up, and left Mr. Campbell to make the best of his way to his chamber.

We

We here see, in the character of Macanochy, the weakness and ridiculousness of those who are fond of talking themselves, but who dislike it in others. He wished to be thought a man of few words, and yet was loquacious in the extreme; we meet with such men in the world, and their character is truly laughable; they are so full of what they have to say themselves, that they can attend to no reply, and though by this they may think to render themselves agreeable, they become tiresome beyond measure; and there is scarce a man they talk to, but like the Colonel, would be glad to fly from them. Conscious of this, the long talker will hold you by the

button, lest you should escape before you have heard him out.

These were my friend's remarks, on the men he met with abroad. So again in the character of Raspe. We readily see defects abroad, which we are blind to at home, and are eager to condemn in others, what we can reconcile to ourselves, where our interest leads. Raspe condemned his sister, from an opinion, that she introduced the Colonel to his daughter; when, at the very time, he was conveying his daughter to Florence, with a similar view.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

MR. Raspe set off with his daughter at day break on his journey, he purposed to take Liverpool in his way, continue there a few weeks, till he had adjusted his business, and then proceed on his route to London, where he would continue some time, till he had equipped his daughter with such necessaries, as would set her off to the best advantage at Florence: the

Colonel did not continue at Mr. Campbell's long after them; he sat off the morning following, but had planned it, with Miss Raspe, that, as he should naturally be in town some weeks before her, she should, on her arrival, make him immediately acquainted with it.

On reaching London (for his attachment to Miss Raspe, had quite changed his plan of proceedings) he put up at one of those fashionable houses, called Hotels, but where there was a common room of assembling at meals, as at Bath. He had scarce set his foot in this House, but he met with an old Devonshire friend,

Charles

Charles Simple. This young gentleman with his sister, was reduced to the necessity, upon the death of their parents, to live upon the patrimony of between two and three hundred pounds per year.

The father was possessed of as many thousands, but having lived (as do the generality of fashionable men) in a style superior to his income; the consequence was, he brought up his son and daughter with high notions of gentility, dissipated his fortune, and left them little or nothing to support it. Charles, was a young man full of simplicity, and very easily led, but his sister, on the contrary,

trary, was artful, intriguing, talkative, and obstinate; she had such a volubility of tongue, that no rattle could equal. Like Macanochy, the Scotch Minister, she was full of herself, fond of the sound of her own voice, and could suffer no reply; but she had not that *sang froid* about her that he possessed; she was all fire and spirit. She was a few years older than her brother, and made him believe she had a superior knowledge; told him, that if he would follow her directions, that, as he was a handsome fellow, and had received a good education, she would put him in the way of making his fortune; that as their connections were in general good, and London was the

the centre, where they would probably meet, she advised making up a sum of money in the best way they could, setting off for London, there trying their fortune, and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

They had been some time, with this view, living in style, at this hotel, and had not only spent the money they had brought with them, but had run a debt that greatly embarrassed them. This was their situation, when my friend Will. Ramble met with them. "God bless my soul, Charles, (said he) I should as soon have expected to have seen the equestrian statue, at Charing

" Charing-Cross, travelling through
 " Taunton, as to have met with
 " you in London; so stationary did
 " I think you. — What, in the
 " name of fortune, brought you
 " here?" " My romantic sister, (replied
 " he,)—you may well compare me to
 " that statue at Charing-Cross; I am
 " merely a figure, and she moves me
 " where she pleases; I wish I had as
 " little feeling and sensibility; it would
 " be happy for me."—" Why you seem
 " to be out of spirits (says the Colo-
 " nel) what is the matter?" " Matter!
 " (returns Charles, holding up a par-
 " cel of bills)—here's the cause of my
 " disquiet; we have not been here two
 " months, and here are bills to the
 " amount

" amount of £270. without £50. to
" pay them."

" Its all a mystery to me (says
" Ramble) come unravel it." "My mad
" sister (answered Charles) to whose
" fanciful schemes I have ever been the
" dupe, took it into her head to
" bring me to London, in order
" to make my fortune.—You know,
" Colonel, how inadequate my little
" estate in Devonshire is, and the
" trifle my father left us, for such
" an undertaking; but so it is, come
" she would, and I have been fool
" enough to follow her"—at this in-
stant, Miss Simple joined them, and,
addressing the Colonel, said, she sup-
posed

posed her brother, with his long face, had been telling him some dismal story; and, on Ramble's saying he had been telling him of his embarrassment, she replied with haste, " I
 " wont hear a word; his embarrass-
 " ments are all ideal; bug-bears of his
 " own fancy; had he taken my advice,
 " he might now have been in the first
 " situation; but he's so full of his *ifs*
 " and his *buts*, and his *this* and *that*
 " and *i'other*, that I lose all patience
 " when I talk to him. I brought him
 " here to make a man of him; but
 " his reasons, as he calls them, (sneer-
 " ing) his scruples, and his qualms of
 " conscience, have disconcerted all my
 " measures; the wisest schemes; the best
 " laid

" laid plans." ... The Colonel was will-
 ing to soften her patience with a "you'll
 " certainly allow," ... she (interrupting
 him) said " I will allow nothing—I
 " know when I am right; I never
 " propose a thing to him, but he im-
 " mediately interrupts me, and over-
 " turns all, with his *can't's*, and all
 " the rest of his silly objections—I *can't*
 " marry an old woman—I *can't* risk a
 " duel to run off with a girl.—I *can't*
 " run in debt—I *can't* cheat at cards—
 " I *can't* drink—I *can't* swear—I *can't*
 " lie;—in short, he can do nothing as
 " men of fashion do. I don't know
 " what will become of him, and all—

" Hold, hold," (says the Colonel) the

" world

" world is not bad"—" No *badness* in
 " the case (returns she,) Can £40,000 be
 " a *bad* lot, though an old woman with
 " her decayed furniture should be
 " thrown into it? — Can a prick of an
 " arm be a *bad* thing, when a fine
 " girl is by to suck the wound?—Can
 " a few debts be a *bad* thing, when
 " debts now stamp the man of fashion,
 " and distinguish him from the vulgar?
 " — Can.... " I'll appeal to the Colonel
 " (says Charles)"..."I'll appeal to no one
 " (retorts she)—I know I am in the
 " right." " Indeed, Charles," (inter-
 " rupts the Colonel) the women are al-
 " ways in the right, and the less we say the
 " better." " So I have always told him,
 " (adds Miss Simple,) now only hear,
 " Colonel,

“ Colonel, what I have proposed; I
 “ would first have had him stood for a
 “ neighbouring borough—No, says he,
 “ the county is overstocked with mem-
 “ bers of Parliament; besides, was I ever
 “ chosen, I have no eloquence to recom-
 “ mend me. Eloquence, nonsense say
 “ I, eloquence, is the only thing that
 “ would hurt him.—You know, Colo-
 “ nel, the minister wants nobody to talk
 “ but himself; it is your dumb orators
 “ he wants; men whose arguments are
 “ all comprized in the monosyllables,
 “ *aye and no.*”

“ Between you and I, Charles, (says the
 “ Col.) there is too much truth in this
 “ observation”—“ In short, Sir, (replies

Miss

" Miss Simple), all his objections are
 " visionary"—(Charles shewing her the
 bills exclaimed) " these are not vision-
 " ary, sister; these are realities that must
 " be attend to;" but she snatching them
 out of his hand, tearing them and cram-
 ming them into her pocket, (cried)
 " psha, nonsense; a man of spirit would
 " think nothing of a thousand of them.
 " People of fashion will have as many in
 " a short time as will hang their walls,
 " and pass them with as little notice as
 " a parcel of old visiting cards, behind
 " a glass, when the visits are paid."

This said, she left him in a pet.

C H A P. VI.

MISS Simple being gone, the gentlemen were more at liberty to talk the matter over, and Charles gave my friend Will. some account of an application he had made to a money-lending Jew. Charles had a good heart, always felt for the distresses of a friend, and was the more surprised, when he found a contrary disposition in others. Whilst he had a guinea more than the pressing occasion of the moment called for, he
was

was ever ready to accommodate a friend with the loan of it. Ramble had as good a heart, and this fellow-feeling often brought them both into difficulties. I never yet, said Charles, found any of those grateful returns, Colonel, which you have so often dinged in my ears. We often meet with acquaintance ready to assist us when we stand in no need of it; but no one more backward, when we have recourse to them: nay, they will desert us when we can no longer entertain them; like insects they buz and flutter in the sun-shine of prosperity, but fall off like leaves at the approach of winter. My friend Will, could not; but acquiesce in these sentiments he had seen but little of the world, but

still

still he had met with this ingratitude. However he enlivens the conversation. Charles related his interview with the Jew he had mentioned. I had, said he, an occasion to apply to this man, for a few hundreds, once before, and having regularly paid him the interest, concluded I should meet with little difficulty in getting from him the loan of 500l. more. But, added he, had you seen the long face he made on his introduction, you would have sworn he thought I was going to borrow money of him without interest. "Mor-decai, said I, I am in want of 500l. for twelve months, can you lend it to me?" On vat security? (returned he.) I answered him, my own bond. Bonds, Vol. I. E replied

replied he, are but poor securities, when gentlemen plead their inability to give them, and of course are of no validity.

" It wash but de oder day, I lent Sir
 " Michael Spendthrift 1500l. on his
 " bond and shudgment, and when I
 " called on him for de intereshd, he
 " told me he wash under age, when he
 " gave the bond, and I am no Christian,
 " if I did not take him, by the hardness
 " of his features, to be forty years old !
 " I never was more desheevd in all my
 " loife." I told him he should not be
 so taken in by *me*, for I would produce
 him a parish-certificate of my age. His
 answer was: " Parishes are as desheetful
 " as parishioners. I have no reliance on
 " Christians, or Christian parishes. I
 " had

" had rather have a good estate in
 " my hands, than an East-India bond of
 " double the value."—" But I have had
 " money of you before, my dear Mor-
 " dicai, (said I) and why be so par-
 " ticular now?" " So much the worse,"
 (retorted he), " the more a man owes,
 " the less able he is to pay; and I al-
 " ways make it a rule in lending money
 " upon personal security, to demand a
 " larger premium for a second loan
 " than the first; the risk being greater.
 " If we lend a thousand pounds for a
 " premium of 100l. we always expect
 " 200l. for the second thousand, and so
 " in proportion. If you will give me
 " a good mortgage at 5 per cent and
 " thus cover the 300l. you have had; I

" will lend you this 500l. for a premium
 " of 10 per cent. and a very good bargain
 " you will have ; for money is now very
 " scarce, and I should not know where
 " to borrow a thousand myself, If I
 " wanted it". It was in vain to reason
 this fellow into moderation, or argue
 with him against his own interest ; I
 therefore gave the matter up, for not
 having yet mortgaged my little patri-
 mony, I will not do it, if I can help it.
 " Then you shall help it now, (said my
 " friend Will,) for though I am short of
 " cash, as I must borrow a sum for my-
 " self, I may as well borrow a little
 " more for you. I have a security or two,
 " which my father left, independent of
 " his estate, and it may as well stand
 " responsible

" responsible for your's as for mine:" " I
 " thank you, my good friend, (replied
 " Charles,) but I cannot think of it; af-
 " ter what I have said, it would be like
 " begging the money." " Tush, (re-
 " plies Will, smiling) your sister will
 " find out some new scheme of remak-
 " ing your fortune, and then you may
 " return it. But, joking aside, if you ne-
 " ver pay, I shall never ask it. The sum
 " I lend you I shall consider as spent,
 " and will be more frugal in consequence.
 " I loved your father, and I am sure you
 " have a good heart; and if a man who
 " has money, will not retrench a little,
 " to be of use to mankind, and not
 " occasionally part with a little; to do a
 " friendly and a generous action, his mo-

"ney is of little use to him, and he lives
 "to little purpose." The Colonel pro-
 mised to see him in a few days, and
 accordingly left him.

Charles now returned to his sister, who
 had a new scheme in her head, and was
 eager to communicate it, and not having
 told her of the Colonel's promise, she
 attacked him with "There is, brother,
 "now but one resource left us,—neck or
 "nothing—you must go off with the
 "landlord's daughter."

The master of the Hotel knew little
 but the art of getting money, and of
 that he had amassed a considerable for-
 tune; in other respects he was exceeding-
 ly

ly weak; his name was Whip. He had an only child a daughter, as silly and weak as himself; her mother, indeed, had a little more knowledge and foresight, but as weak men are generally most obstinate, she could do little in opposition to her husband. The girl had a smattering for music, and her father, thinking her wonderfully clever, indulged her in this *penchant* to a ridiculous excess. It was owing to his fondness for this girl, and Charles and his sister having some knowledge of music, and taking notice of her, that induced the landlord to give them the credit he had done; for these people, in general, soon find out the circumstances of their guests, and

never suffer them to run up a long bill, unless where there is plenty of money to pay it.

“ Brother, (says Miss Simple to Charles) I have made the landlord’s daughter absolutely believe you are a man of fortune, and desperately in love with her—she has ten thousand pounds left her by an uncle, and her father, if he pleases, can give her twice as much; for she is an only child:—she’s a silly girl, believes every thing”—“ Miss Dolly Whip, (says I, for that was her name,) my brother’s passion for you is so ardent . . .”

On Charles’s endeavouring to speak, she stopped him short with “ Do be quiet

“ —where

“ --where was I?—oh—is so ardent, that,
 “ for this month past, he has been want-
 “ ing to break his mind to you; but
 “ not having had an opportunity of
 “ meeting you alone, has requested
 “ me to plead his cause for him, and is
 “ willing to settle” Charles still
 wishing to say something and beginning
 with “ But” she a second time
 stopped him; “ now *but* again; al-
 “ ways interrupting me with your
 “ *if's* and your *but's*; you dearly love
 “ to hear yourself speak,—there is no
 “ edging in a word for you—I have
 “ quite forgot where I was—well, no
 “ matter, I have done the business; you
 “ can have no objections here, she’s
 “ young and pretty; we will take her to

"Paris, you shall there marry her, beg
 "pardon of the father, promise that you
 "will never do the like again, and throw
 "yourself upon his mercy. There is
 "little fear of *her*, she hates home, is
 "eager for an elopement, and will do
 "any thing I advise her to."

C H A P. VII.

AT this hotel there were two singular
 clubs, one consisting of fat men and
 the other of lean ; none were admitted
 into the former that weighed less than
 twenty stone, and none into the latter
 that weighed more than ten ; they
 met always on the same day, and indeed
 in

in the same room ; for the long room in this house was divided, on this occasion, by a sliding partition into two ; the fat club-room was called the Cormorant, that of the lean club, the Weefel ; the first was furnished with elbow chairs, pipes and tobacco ; the latter with little else than news-papers ; for the members of the lean club, had not spirit enough to indulge themselves with good living, and of course were less in the interest of Whip. The cormorant-club, he would observe, was worth continuing ; they eat and drank to some purpose : but the weefel-club cost him more in newspapers than all the profit he got by their welch-rabbits and sneakers of punch. They established fines among them-

themselves to keep them to time, and
 they both met at the same hour. The
 members of the cormorant, were true
 guttlers. "What have you for supper
 " Dick, (said Gorger, the first comer)
 " to the waiter ?" " A fine chicken-turtle,
 " (answered he) a sovereign haunch
 " covered with fat, and a few other
 " trifles." Gorger licking his chops, and
 clapping the waiter upon his back (re-
 turned) " that's a brave fellow !—How
 " long before supper ?" " Full half an
 " hour (said Dick)—the cook tells me
 " a little accident has happened in the
 " kitchen, that has put it back." Gor-
 ger alarmed at the account, (cried)
 " Gadso--not to the turtle I hope ?" Dick
 set him at ease on this head, and he
 went

went on ; “ I cannot wait half an hour,
 “ bring me something by way of whet.”
 Aye, a whet, a whet, was the general
 cry ; for several now came in whilst he
 was talking to the waiter. The room
 was up one pair of stairs, and Swag,
 one of the members, whom a flight of
 stairs always put out of breath, said “ I
 “ must wote for having our club-room
 “ on the ground-floor, or in a little
 “ time I shall not be able to reach it.”
 “ Why, indeed, master Swag, (returned
 “ Gorger) you seem to improve on tur-
 “ tle and venison. We shall have no
 “ occasion to weigh you out of our so-
 “ ciety ;”—for this man weighed more
 than 25 stone. They now took to their
 pipes, and the smoke making its way
 into

into the adjoining room, Hectic and Weezen, two members of the lean club, began coughing at each other. To these entered Starveling, Drybones, and others. When they were got into conversation, they made themselves merry at the expence of the gentlemen in the other room; Weezen, the dryest fellow of the company, told the following story of Gorger, a member of the fat club. "Not long since, (said he) a friend of mine called on him about noon, and found him in the greatest distress you can conceive; stamping and roaring, as if in the utmost agonies. What is the matter, master Gorger? says his friend, you have not lost your wife and your darling child
"I hope?"

"I hope? Wife! (returned he), oh
 "no——there never was so unfortunate
 "a man!"—"Any ship you have under-
 "written lost at sea? (says my friend :)
 "Shah shah, (replies Gorger, fretfully)
 "no ship—that would not have vexed
 "me. Sure Providence has marked
 "me out for affliction!" Then stamping
 and roaring again, he went on, "no
 "ship—no wife—no son—If you *must*
 "know the cause—I am invited at four,
 "to two turtles and a haunch, and can
 "be but at one of them. Had they been
 "pitched at two, four, and six, I might
 "have been at them all!"—In the other
 room the members were in the height
 of spirits, when in comes Bolter, to
 whom Gorger addressed himself with,
 "Have

" Have you heard any thing of the acci-
 " dent below ? Supper is a long time a
 " coming. Yes, (replied Bolter) I was
 " present when the mischief was done.
 " The careless rascal of a cook, did not
 " cover the pan in which the turtle was
 " stewing, and so the foot fell into it. At
 this the whole company, to the number
 of 15 or 16, rose up greatly alarmed.
 Had the stair-case been on fire, and they
 had no means of escape, they could not
 have been more so ; but Bolter a little
 calmed them by saying " he luckily was
 in the kitchen enquiring after supper,
 " and having a steady hand, offered his as-
 " sistance, got off the greatest part of it,
 " and saved a few mouthfuls of the
 " green fat. What, (said Swag) will a
 " few

“ few mouthfuls be among so many of
 “ us? Make yourself easy about that,”
 replied Bolter. “ Those few mouthfuls
 “ I have secured, (patting his belly,)
 “ are safe lodged here.”

It is impossible to give my readers a
 good description of the contrasted figures
 of these two clubs. Gorger was of mid-
 dle stature, but the enormity of his bulk
 took off from his height, and though near
 five feet ten inches high, he did not ap-
 pear more than five feet. His head was
 very small in proportion, and was stuck
 in so low between his shoulders, as to
 have little or no neck; nor was he able
 to look back, without turning his whole
 body ; this, with a pair of full set eyes,
 stamped

stamped gluttony in his countenance. Swag was of another make, his bulk was partial, and collected itself accordingly. He had such a protuberance of belly, that its weight occasioned it to hang down between his knees; and not having a proper foundation to support it, was, with every motion continually on the swag. He was a cheerful fellow, however, as fat men generally are, and was appointed president of the society, as filling the great chair best. He has been known in a warm evening to yield a quart of liquid fat, that dropped in the course of a few hours, from the pendant part of his belly into a pan placed between his legs. When he rode, he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, whose waistband reached

reached to his bosom, which had a line of 17 buttons, and his waistcoat sloping off from the second button of this enormous waistband above, gave him a droll appearance. Others were of another cast, but equally laughable. Of the lean club, Drybones was a finewy mortal, more like a dried preparation of a dead muscular subject, than a living one; his joints cracked as he moved, and when he chanced to gape, it was always with fear he should not be able to close his mouth again. He had a very spare hungry countenance with hard features, truly the index of a fretful discontented mind, and though he was near six feet high, he did not weigh more than nine stone. Weezen was, on the other hand,

rather

rather the shadow of a man than otherwise, scarce reached five feet in height, and weighed under six stone. His voice was shrill and pining, and nature having deprived him of that fleshiness behind, that seats a man at his ease, he was obliged to supply its want by a thick quilting in his breeches. Hectic, was a consumptive man, with high sharp cheek-bones, so weak and tottering in his frame, that you might blow him down; a continual cough suffused his eyes with tears, and between them and his mouth, his handkerchief was always employed. The general character of the members of the fat club, was heartiness, conviviality, and mirth; that

that of the lean club, peevishness, ill-nature and misery.

CHAP. VIII.

MY friend Will, had very few acquaintances in London but was making fresh every day, and the hotel where he lodged gave him many opportunities. Having little to employ him, and waiting for the arrival of Miss Raspe, he fell in with three or four extraordinary characters, that perhaps to a man of his observation and the knowledge and entertainment he drew from them, was
more

more than fell to his share. Among these were Mr. Spatter, Tom Rattle, Dick Dangle, Sir Lucius Vapour, Jack Lattitat, and others.

Spatter was a communicative prating fellow, that loved to entertain you with the chit-chat of the town. He had the *entree* of every house, and of course knew what was doing in every fashionable family; he would talk big with the men, and small with the women, and thus would make free with the characters of those he knew; and like all gossips, accommodate himself to all parties. In short, he was a true male gossip. He had promised my friend Will, to introduce him at Brookes's; was, according to his
own

own account, intimate with every
 tonish man there, and could ensure a bal-
 lot in his favour. Brookes's was a place
 where Ramble was desirous of admission,
 and relied on Spatter for an introduc-
 tion; one day he asked him if he had
 put up his name at Brookes's according
 to his promise. Spatter, who, by the
 bye, had no admission there himself,
 but only boasted of the honor to give
 him a degree of *Ton*, scarce knew how
 to parry this direct question—
 “Brookes's, my dear Colonel (said he)
 “is not as it was. When that subscription
 “consisted only of the first characters
 “in the kingdom, it was an honour to
 “be seen among them; but since they
 “have admitted all the riff-raff of the
 “town,

"town, it is disreputable to be seen in
"the Society."

To tell you a secret, I mean to
withdraw my *own* name. "Come,
"come, (says Ramble,) this is only a
"polite get off," "No--upon my honor"
"(returned Spatter)—"well then, if you
"must have it—I *did* propose you, but
"such is the capriciousness of men,
"that though you stand well with the
"world; though the subscription con-
"sists of near 400 members; though I
"made all the friends I could, and that
"among the leading men, Lord Ran-
"dom, Count Trifle, Sir Jeffery Lounge,
"and many others; yet"....Ramble out
of patience with this round-about story,
saw

saw through it, and anticipated what
 Spatter was unwilling to declare, by say-
 ing "he supposed he was black-balled!"
 "even so, (returns Spatter shrugging)
 "but no matter, don't be uneasy; I mean
 "to quit it myself,—and if ever I put *my*
 "name up a second time—they may
 "black-ball me and welcome."—"Un-
 "easy! (cried Ramble) You mistake
 "me quite if you suppose me *uneasy*—
 "It would ill become a man of sense,
 "to be hurt at such an event;—I as-
 "sure you I *rejoice* at it."—Rejoice!
 "(says Spatter)—"Yes, rejoice, (re-
 "turns Ramble) *rejoice* to learn there are
 "four hundred men in the world, so
 "much better than myself."

" This business settled, (says Spatter)
 " tell me, Colonel, how you are disposed
 " this evening. There's a rout at Lady
 " Dashit's, to which I have a card
 " of invitation; if you are for a party of
 " half-crown whist, I'll introduce you;
 " Her Ladyship's a lively woman, and
 " will be happy to see any friend of
 " mine."—" I think, (replied Ramble)
 " I have heard of this Lady. Is not she
 " a learned woman; a woman of great
 " reading? Is not Dangle acquainted
 " with her?"—" Dangle, (says Spatter)
 " is, *entre nous*, as great a fool as her
 " Ladyship; she wishes to pass with
 " the world for a woman of erudition;
 " but I say no more; it's a good
 " house of rendezvous;—you'll see a
 " great

"great deal of world there; and if
"you'll go I'll introduce you. Name
"your hour, and I'll call for you, and take
"you in my carriage."—"I suppose,
"(returns Ramble) nine will be a good
"hour; if you'll call upon me then,
"you'll find me at home."

CHAP. IX.

DOLLY Whip, I have observed, had
a little notion of music, and sung
prettily, which she was induced to at-
tend to, more than ordinary, from an
opportunity it gave her of being more
frequently in company with Charles

Simple and his sister. Her mother was a plain woman, but foresaw the ill effects it might produce, and liked neither the amusement nor the company it led her into.—“’Tis intolerable, Dolly, (said she one day) to see you spending half your time, drumming on that wooden box, playing the fool up and down, and acting, as you do;” (for a taste for singing led her also to acting, and she would occasionally take off the fingers on the stage.) “This enthusiasm of your father’s, in music, plays, and the like, must end in his ruin; and it ill becomes a girl of your fortune to be thus wasting your time:” And on her saying, in return, she should like, of all things, to be an actress; would

would rate her with, "Hussy, do you
 " know what an actrefs is?"—"Yes,
 " Mamma; (says she) there are a great
 " many lords and ladies actresses now,
 " Music and acting, Miss Simple says, are
 " all the mode; nothing else is talked
 " of. The newspapers don't tell us,
 " that Miss Such-a-one of ten thousand
 " pounds fortune, and Miss Such-a-one,
 " of twenty thousand, is arrived in town,
 " or has left it; but they are continually
 " speaking of the musical people.—Sto-
 " race is engaged at the opera-house;
 " Marchesi is gone to Italy; Rubinelli
 " is to supply his place. Why, Mamma,
 " these opera-singers must be much
 " coveted, when they are sent for so
 " far to entertain us. Miss Simple says,

" kings can make dukes, generals, and
 " admirals, but no one can make opera-
 " fingers but the pope; I asked her
 " how that was, but she would not tell
 " me. Now, Mamma, let me ask you,
 " whether my singing does not con-
 " stantly bring a great deal of good
 " company to our house, that turns
 " out to Papa's benefit?"—And on
 the mother's saying, " Yes; com-
 " pany that will ruin *him*, if they don't
 " ruin *you*;" she went on, " They
 " are too complaisant to ruin me; you
 " can't conceive what fine things they
 " say to me, and are always on their
 " knees, kissing my hand, and praising
 " my beauty. Count Bragoni says I
 " am an angel; Baron Brigel a divi-
 nity;

" nity ; the Chevalier calls me a Ceci-
 " lia ; and Sir Michael Molasses de-
 " clares my breath is sweeter than a
 " sugar-cane ; Mr. A. calls me enchant-
 " ing ; Mr. B. is in raptures with my
 " eyes ; Mr. C. with my shape ; one
 " with my teeth ; another with my
 " neck ; and another with the small of
 " my leg."

Her mother, who had, during this
 long speech, been industriously darning
 her daughter's apron, could bear it no
 longer ; she reddened up, took her
 spectacles off her nose, and cried,
 " Hold your nonsense, girl, with your
 " A's, your B's, and your C's ; you may
 " run through the whole alphabet at

“ this rate;—you seem to have been
 “ practising these expressions.”

Such was the simplicity of this girl;
 and it is easy to see how ready a prey
 she would become to the despoiler.
 It was fortunate she fell not into worse
 hands than Charles Simple. Well
 might Mrs. Whip upbraid her husband
 with his musical infatuation; well
 might she say to him, “ You are not
 “ aware of the consequences; this mu-
 “ sic will not only be the ruin of your
 “ daughter, but of yourself; you are
 “ surrounded with a parcel of sharpers,
 “ that eat, and drink, and live in the
 “ house, and never think of paying.
 “ They watch your child’s fortune;
 “ ’tis

"'tis their whole business. There's
 " Miss Simple has already turned her
 " brain; she is as restless as her tongue,
 " and is too busy not to be hatching
 " some scheme or other. She promised
 " yesterday to pay off her bill, instead
 " of that she is paying you off with
 " music. I hate these *musical* notes,
 " I'd rather have one *bank-note* than a
 " thousand of them."

As Mrs. Whip foresaw, the snare laid
 for her daughter took effect, she eloped
 a few days after, with Charles and his
 sister, to Calais, without waiting for
 the Colonel's pecuniary assistance, and
 the young couple were there married.
 My friend Will enquired into the se-

quel, and found it had ended as it was planned. Mrs. Simple wrote to her father; the *faux pas* was forgiven, and Charles became master of her fortune. It is not every adventure that ends so well.

CHAP. X.

SPATTER called on Will Ramble, and conveyed him to Lady Dashit's, where he was agreeably entertained.

This lady was the widow of Sir Barnaby Dashit, a sugar-baker, in Pudding-

ding-lane. She was very much confined during the life of her husband, whose whole thoughts were centered in his business; and thus became, what, in the city, they call a monied man; but, poor fellow, no sooner was he laid in his grave, than his widow, (then between forty and fifty) became possessed of the whole of his fortune, and being the daughter of a city knight; (a little more refined in his notions, and who suffered his family to figure away at Pewterer's-hall; and the Mansion-house, on the two high city festivals) imbibed a spirit of gentility, and set out afresh in life, by taking a house at the west end of the town. She was a very vain, weak woman, and nothing hurt that vanity more

than the admiration, a niece of her's, by her husband's side, received from the gentlemen that visited at her house; for this young lady, being an orphan, was placed with Lady Dashit, at the age of sixteen, and continued with her after she became mistress of her fortune, which amounted to thirty thousand pounds in the funds. Miss Trevor, for that was her name, was an amiable young lady of great female accomplishments, with a moderate share of beauty, and renowned for her modesty and prudent deportment.

Ramble, had he not lost his heart before, would effectually have done it on his first introduction at Lady Dashit's; for

for he often declared, had he not met with Miss Raspe, and made proposals of marriage to her, he should instantly have become Miss Trevor's admirer.

Philosophers say, in accounting for love at first sight, that there is a certain emanation flowing from the human heart, forming as it were an atmosphere, round the frame of every individual, that, like the property of the loadstone, has an attractive and repellent power; and that when two of different sexes meet so near, as to be within the circle of that emanation, this magnetic power operates in a less or greater degree, and occasions, what we either call love or disgust; but where such emanation of corresponding

responding hearts exists, there is a mutual sympathy of soul.—Whether this be true in the present case, I will not say, but my friend Ramble was very much taken with Miss Trevor, and Miss Trevor very much smitten with him :

“ And their eyes told each other

“ What neither dare name.”

There were assembled a large group of people, of almost all descriptions, both men and women ; among the former were Ned Saunter and Dick Dangle, of whom I shall speak more hereafter.

Not liking to play at cards, he became one of a small party, who was listening to an extraordinary conversation that took place between Lord Random

dom and the elder Miss Gadabout, a lady about thirty years of age, who seemed to try who should have the best of the argument on a subject of gallantry.

Miss Gadabout observing to Lord Random, that he came very late ; " I should
 " have been here an hour ago, ' (said he)
 " had it not been for two foolish letters,
 " from two foolish women, which were
 " brought me at the very moment I was
 " stepping into my carriage. I have no
 " conception how they knew I was
 " come to town ; for I arrived only the
 " day before."——" Oh, I can tell you,
 " (said Miss Gadabout, archly) you sent
 " to them." Lord Random did not receive this rebuke with that pleasantry, he ought, but ill-naturedly replied,
 " Your

" Your remark would be a just one, did
 " not the ladies, in this polite age, save
 " the gentlemen that ceremony, by tak-
 " ing the trouble of finding out their ar-
 " rival themselves."

In short, Miss Gadabout's keen reply
 disconcerted Lord Random so much,
 that he turned from her, and addressed
 his conversation to other ladies, to whom
 he related so many anecdotes, degrading
 to the sex, that they must have had
 more than common good temper to
 listen to him. Miss Gadabout was
 made acquainted with this, and took
 him to task for it. " Do you think it
 " generous, My Lord, (said she), to
 " speak so lightly of, and defame the
 " women:

"women you are pleased to say you
 "have loved?"—"Were *I* not indif-
 "creet, Madam, (returned his Lordship)
 "they would be so themselves. Have
 "I then no claim on their gratitude for
 "sparing them the necessity of it?
 "For one woman who wishes to keep
 "her amour a secret, there are thou-
 "sands that glory in making it public."
 "That censure, My Lord, (said Miss
 Gadabout) "is too severe. Though
 "there are women that are not virtuous,
 "it does not follow that such women
 "are libertines. You paint them in
 "such bad colours that one would
 "think they surrendered as soon as at-
 "tacked."—"There are, Madam,
 (returned his Lordship) "unluckily,
 "so

" so many examples in support of my
 " opinion, that it is more ridiculous to
 " think it false, than ill-natured to be-
 " lieve it true."—" As your Lordship,
 (retorts Miss Gadabout) " speaks your
 " thoughts so freely, I wonder at the
 " folly of those women who have placed
 " their happiness in your constancy,
 " and trusted their fame to your discre-
 " tion. What arts did your Lordship
 " make use of to make such dupes of
 " them?"—" Arts ! Madam, (answered
 his Lordship, examining himself from
 head to feet) " I have no hypocrisy,
 " trust me ; I leave that to those less in-
 " debted to nature. The vanity of the
 " women, Madam, has been my con-
 " stant friend. Through this, and this
 " alone,

"alone, I have always found the way
 "to their hearts. The honour of being
 "courted by a man of gallantry and
 "rank, is, with many, a sufficient mo-
 "tive, not even to wait the declaration
 "of our sentiments." Miss Gadabout
 could scarce keep her temper, but still
 wished to let him down in the eyes of
 those who were listening to the conver-
 sation. She told his Lordship she was
 sure, from his assertions, if there was
 truth in them, that he could only have
 associated with bad company. "If
 "you make no distinction, (replied his
 "Lordship) between the woman who
 "has a lover, and the woman not-
 "ed for her libertinism, I will con-
 "fess I keep only bad company; for,
 "among

"among all the women of my ac-
 "quaintance, I do not know one, who
 "either is not, or has not been in love."
 "Love ! (cries Miss, smartly) How easily
 "you prostitute that word !—Can your
 "Lordship truly say that you have
 "been loved, or was ever in love your-
 "self?"—"I neither *can*, (answered he)
 "nor *will* I say any such thing. Love
 "is a passion unknown in the great
 "world; and I do not see what we lose
 "by being strangers to it. I call love a
 "pleasure, or the art of inspiring de-
 "fires and of living a happy life; for
 "the heart ought never to be laid under
 "restraints. I am always tempted to
 "turn inconstant, when I perceive a
 "woman studies to captivate me."—
 "How

" How would you behave, (asked Miss
 " Gadabout) if you discovered that the
 " object of your love was inclined to in-
 " fidelity?"—" I would, if possible, (said
 " he) be before-hand with her."—
 " Delightful!" (said Miss Gadabout)
 " And yet there have been women who
 " have thought you amiable?" — " I
 " should be more surprized, (returned
 " his Lordship) if they had not loved
 " me for those very defects you con-
 " demn; especially when they find we
 " glory in such defects, merely to coun-
 " tenance their whims, their caprices, and
 " their levity. We are inconstant. Are
 " they less faithless? Do they not study
 " rather to create *desires* in the men, than
 " *esteem*? Reflect a moment, and you
 " will

“ will not find singularity either in my
 “ conduct or my manner of thinking.”

At this Miss Gadabout lifted up her eyes, and advised his Lordship never to pay his addressees to a woman of sense, as he never could be happy in an attempt to please her. Lord Random was even with her, for he told her with a sneer, that he was afraid he never should have occasion to remember her advice.

Lady Dashit seemed to ogle almost all the men, was jealous of the admiration paid to Miss Trevor, and made herself truly ridiculous. Ramble being here introduced, he obtained the *entrée* of the house, became frequently a visitor, and was always well received.

Spatter

Spatter gave him to understand that Dangle was an admirer of Miss Trevor; but this did not strike him at that time, though afterwards he was made better acquainted with it.

Spatter called on him the next morning, to talk over the amusements of the evening before, and gave him a concise, but ill-natured history of all the company. He said that Miss Trevor was a fine girl; that Dangle was a happy man, for he was seen to steal out of Lady Dashit's house, one morning, at day-break, unpowdered, and in dishabille. Report says, (continued he) that he came out at the parlour-window, for her Ladyship always keeps the key of the street-

street-door, at night, in her own custody ; and that Miss Trevor concealed him, till the company were gone, behind one of the window-curtains.

Ramble, with a degree of indignation, said, she was a modest, well-behaved young lady ; and he had too good an opinion of her to give credit to such a report ; that he was quite enamoured with her, and could not bear to hear a story propagated so much to her disadvantage, in which he was persuaded there was not the least shadow of truth.

“ Mistake me not, Colonel, (says Spatter, confused) I do not mean to say the fact is so ; I only give it as a
 “ report—

" report——God forbid it should gain
 " ground to her discredit.——To be sure
 " Miss Trevor . . . will . . . certainly she
 " is a very lovely girl.—— But surely,
 " Colonel, you don't think of her as a
 " wife? She'll make a horrid bad one;
 " for, admitting the *whole* of the story
 " respecting Dangle not to be true, I'll
 " be sworn there's something in it; for
 " her house is become the rendezvous
 " of all the young fellows about town.
 " Rap-rap-rap; rap-rap-rap—Damme,
 " if the knocker is not always agoing.
 " but I don't wonder at it; flies will be
 " buzzing in the sunshine; I shall be
 " rapping at her myself, before it is
 " long.

C H A P. XI.

SCARCE had Spatter left the room,
 but in came Jack Latitat, splashed,
 and out of breath; "D-mn it! (says he)
 "I have given two of the keenest blood-
 "hounds the finest run, through St.
 "James's Park, imaginable; and thrown
 "them quite off their scent, after a cir-
 "cuit of twenty minutes, in which I
 "was but a few yards before them.
 "I led them through the cloisters of St.
 "James's house, out of one court into
 "another; so from the Stable-yard into
 "the Park again. At the Palace I lost sight
 "of

" of them, as great men there, general-
 " ly do their followers. Had they kept me
 " in view, into the Park again, I'd have
 " run them hard up Constitution-hill,
 " and would have been bound to have
 " knocked them up, before they reached
 " the Park-gate. I keep myself in wind
 " on purpose.—I never enjoyed a chase
 " so much in my life. It poured so fast
 " from the heavens that all the Park
 " was in motion, so that our running
 " was not noticed."—" By the embroi-
 " dery, and spangles, on your coat, (said
 " Ramble) I suppose, they were Cus-
 " tom-house officers, in pursuit of con-
 " traband goods. You would have been
 " a fine seizure!"—" Custom-house
 " officers, I faith! (returned Jack) not

" a-bit ; not a-bit ; the dogs that chased
 " me were true blood, up to the very nose
 " of them ;—nothing less than *Sheriffs*
 " officers. Do you know I lodge in
 " Spring Gardens, in the verge of the
 " court, and when any man thinks pro-
 " per to take out a writ against me, I
 " soon make him sick of it? These
 " fellows won't long follow a man that
 " gives them much trouble ; and I never
 " fail to give them enough of it. When-
 " ever I find myself beset, I give the
 " rascals a chace or two through the
 " Parks, and they have done with me."
 " And why all this? (replied Ramble)
 " Your father left you a pretty fortune,
 " enough to live handsomely upon. I
 " see no reason why you should be thus
 " con-

" continually running the gauntlet, and
 " keeping yourself in hot water."—

" Love it of all things, (retorted he)

" 'tis the joy of my life; besides, Will,

" such kind of reasoning betrays in you,

" a want of world. You pretend to

" have *more* knowledge, and foresight

" into things, than other men; I tell you

" you have *less*,—a d—mned deal less."

" Sure, (returned Ramble) there can

" be no knowledge or foresight in run-

" ning in debt, and being afraid of a

" bailiff!"—" Not only knowledge and

" foresight, (replied he) my dear friend;

" but a great deal of prudence, and a

" great deal of discretion."—" The de-

" vil's in it, (replied Ramble) warmly,

" if there can be any discretion in run-

"ing up a debt you will never be able
 "to pay ; that will tend to the injury of
 "your creditors, and make your own
 "heart ach !"----" Phshaw ! Will (an-
 "swered he) that's begging the ques-
 "tion. You are a bad philosopher ;
 "and, of course, a bad reasoner. 'Tis
 "want of *principle* that makes many
 "men run in debt, but it is *love of prin-*
 "*cipal* that leads me to it. My father
 "left me twenty thousand pounds.
 "What is that to maintain a gentleman?
 "The most I can make of it is one
 "thousand pounds a year ; a poor prin-
 "cipal for a man to figure away with,
 "in these expensive times ! It won't
 "half do it ; and a man may as well do
 "nothing, as do it by halves. Now,
 "my

" my plan is to double my principal, by
 " borrowing twenty thousand pounds
 " of the world, putting it out to use,
 " and making my income *two* thou-
 " sand a year, instead of *one*."——

" How!—What!—It's all a paradox,
 " (said Ramble.) " This, my dear Will,
 " (resumed he) is a proof that *I* have
 " knowledge and foresight, and that *you*
 " have none. For example; (and put-
 " ting the fore finger of his right hand,
 " with a degree of self-consequence up-
 " on, and pressing gently the inside of
 " the thumb of his left hand) with a little
 " of that knowledge and foresight you
 " recommend to me, you will find, by
 " calculation, that as two and two make
 " four, if one twenty thousand pounds

G 4

" produce

" produces one thousand pounds a year
 " interest, twice the sum will produce
 " two thousand pounds ; and if I can't
 " live upon *one thousand* pounds a year,
 " I may upon *two*."—" Go on", (said
 Ramble, full of thought and atten-
 tion to his reasoning. " Now, (con-
 " tinued he) this second twenty thou-
 " sand pounds I am borrowing of the
 " world."—" That is to say, (interrupted
 " Ramble) you are running in debt."—
 " Exactly so (replied he) and I am as
 " eager to get *into* debt, as thousands
 " would be to get *out* of it. I labour
 " hard ; strain every nerve ; ransack my
 " imagination ; nay, sometimes, con-
 " trary to my natural disposition, I use
 " artifice, cunning, and make it my
 " study

“ study to get into debt, and, for the
 “ soul of me, cannot effect it. There’s
 “ Dick Thoughtless, d—mn me, if he
 “ was not five thousand pounds in debt
 “ before he knew where he was; but
 “ he has knowledge by instinct; and,
 “ like all the monkies of the age, pos-
 “ sesses cunning, without the art of
 “ communicating it. I have been run-
 “ ning in debt these three years, and
 “ have not been able to owe five thou-
 “ sand yet. — Oh, I am an un-
 “ lucky dog! Had my father brought
 “ me up a merchant, I might have got
 “ twenty thousand pounds in debt in six
 “ months; but it is the misfortune of
 “ gentlemen, that, though the good-na-
 “ tured part of the world are well dis-

“ distinguished ”

G 4

“ posed

" sed to them, and require but little ap-
 " lication ; we are such blockheads as
 " not to know how to apply to them. I
 " hope, however, to accomplish my pur-
 " pose before I am two years older. I
 " was lucky enough, the other day, be-
 " ing in good credit, to touch Bob
 " Corkscrew, the hardwareman, for
 " fifteen hundred poundsworth of Bir-
 " mingham goods, which I have con-
 " signed to a friend in Portugal, and
 " am to have my remittances in wine,
 " which I shall readily dispose of among
 " my own friends. So you see, Will, I
 " have a little smattering for trade.
 " Necessity has no *legs*, say the Latin
 " proverb, and my father little studied
 " his son's interest, when he made a
 " gentleman

"gentleman of him; for, had he put
 "me into a good wholesale business,
 "with twenty thousand pounds, I should
 "have been worth a plumb before this
 "time."—"Possessed of one, my dear
 "Jack, you might have been, but, not
 "*worth* one; (returned he) for no man
 "can be worth what he cannot call
 "his own."—"I deny the conclusion.
 "(retorted he) Every man is worth
 "what he can make use of. The rascal
 "without *principle*, is a *worthless* man;
 "but the well-meaning man, with *prin-*
 "*ciple*, is a man of *worthy*, and there-
 "fore a *worthy* man. That's logic. I
 "fancy, my dear Will, I shall beat you
 "all hollow in argument." Though
 Ramble abhorred his conduct, he could

not but smile at his reasoning, and begged him to shew him, in what sense of the word he was a well-meaning man ; for, that being the *major* of his argument, if the *major* was overthrown, the conclusion was destroyed. “ By well-meaning, (said he) is understood a man who means well. Now I accept of credit, with all the good intentions in the world, to ease the fools of their useless money, encourage trade, serve myself, and do credit to my family and connexions. Every man who lends me, in this style; charges a profit proportionable to the extent of credit he gives ; and will never be angry with me, if he gets his money at last. If he did not thus lend it to me, he would,

“ would, perhaps, squander it ; but,
 “ by disposing of it in the manner I thus
 “ draw it from him, if I should never
 “ be able to pay him in the course of
 “ my life, he will find it in my treasury
 “ at my death.”—“ Then you do not
 “ squander, and dissipate the money you
 “ thus get upon credit ? (said Ramble)
 “ Oh, Will, Will ! (cried he, laying his
 palm of his hand gently on my friend’s
 forehead, and smiling on him, with a
 kind of pitiable contempt) “ Thou
 “ do’st want foresight indeed ! If I
 “ squandered it, I should be a *worthless*
 “ man, and not a man of *worth*. Why,
 “ I *board* it for them ; I am their *banker* ;
 “ a current of public money thus runs
 “ through my shop ; and, surely, for
 “ this

"this care and attention, I have as great
 "right to the interest of that money, as
 "a banker has to the interest of the
 "cash deposited in his house."—"I
 "grant you, (returned Ramble) if, like
 "a banker, you could return the cash
 "when called on."—"Bad reasoning
 "again, Will. (retorted he) They do
 "not want it back, for a great length of
 "time. It is the long credit they give,
 "that justifies their enormous charges.
 "Why does a breeches-maker charge
 "two guineas and a half for a pair of
 "buckskin breeches, that he could, on
 "prompt payment, afford to sell for
 "half the money? It is, because this
 "knave chooses to lend me his money,
 "and demands an enormous interest,
 "through

" through a fear of my never returning
 " it. Now, if I *never* return it, it
 " is but the biter bit, or the fool caught
 " in his own trap. On the contrary, if
 " I *do* pay him, no matter when, at my
 " death, or otherwise, two-thirds of his
 " bill; I pay him, perhaps, contrary to
 " his expectation, with an ample profit.
 " If he receives the whole of his bill, he
 " gets *cent per cent*, and has reason to
 " revere my memory as long as he lives.
 " Old Staytape, the Taylor, of Covent-
 " Garden, was never worth a groat, till
 " the death of the first Duke of Cumber-
 " land; but, as soon as he got the mo-
 " ney, the Prince owed him, and which
 " he was fearful he never should get, he
 " lived like a Prince himself, kept his
 " girl,

" girl, a post-chaise and four, and a snug
 " box in the country, and drank claret."
 " But there are men, Jack, (replied
 " Ramble) that will not wait till you
 " die. What then?" — " I scramble
 " through life, (says he) with such, as
 " well as I can; and stop the mouth of
 " a gaping creditor with part of his
 " money: take up credit with B. to pay
 " it to C. and run them occasionally up
 " Constitution-hill, till they are out of
 " breath. Something may happen, in
 " the chapter of accidents, to get rid
 " of such rascals before; a good round
 " legacy; a place at court; or a rich
 " wife; (but this should be my last re-
 " source) and, if disappointed, after all,
 " the forty thousand pound stock, at my
 " death

" death, will balance the whole. Thus
 " you see, my dear Will, that your
 " friend Latitat, is neither so dissipated,
 " or so *worthless* a being, as you are apt
 " to conceive him; and, if he runs in
 " debt, it is from a *love* of *principal*, as
 " I said, and not from a *want* of it.
 " What would become of the F—xs, the
 " H——res, and Sh——ns, of the
 " age, was it not for the good nature
 " of the trading part of this kingdom,
 " who are always at work for them;
 " who make them a tender of their
 " property, almost unasked, and who
 " are only unhappy when they do not ac-
 " cept of it? I only wish such men
 " could lay their hands upon their hearts,
 " and say they borrowed it, upon the
 " same

"same principle that I do." Logical, sophistical, and elusive, as Jack's reasoning was, Ramble could not but admire the ingenuity of it.

How apt are we to reason ourselves into the belief of things we wish; and reconcile ourselves, by fallacious arguments, to faults and errors consonant to our dispositions. Such is the perversity of human nature, that though we wish to stand well with the world, and though we covet the good opinion of those we are acquainted with, we have not resolution to contend with our passions, and act in a manner that we should commend in others; but give way to the bias of a corrupt mind, and labour to deceive

deceive mankind by a specious colouring of faults. Jack's arguments were fallacious in the extreme. Fashionable young men, who run in debt, squander as fast as they acquire, and put it out of their power to pursue their first aim; but, was it even possible to increase a man's income, by such modes as he talked of, it would not be only wrong, but iniquitous; such, however, is the disposition of these men, that they are no more at a loss for a pretext, to colour their base actions, than was the wolf in the fable, who wanted to devour the lamb, on a charge that she had mudded the stream above him.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

LADY DASHIT had an intriguing chamber-maid, whose name was Bridget ; she was, as is too often the case, the confidante of both the ladies : a froward pert hussy, courted by the valet of Mr. Dangle ; and had planned, in her own mind, a scheme, that her sweet-heart Tom, should be introduced by her, to her old lady, as a man of rank, marry her, and thus cheat her of her fortune. Indeed the weakness and vanity of Lady Dashit, contributed not a little to the plan. “ Tom
 CHAT (said

(said Bridget, one day, when he brought a letter from his master to her young mistress,) " I long very much " to see you ; I have the finest scheme " in my head that ever chamber maid " devised ;" and the following dialogue passed between them.

Bridget. You must know that my old lady has lately taken it into her head to marry, whenever she can find a suitable match.

Tom. What has Miss Trevor and she quarrelled ?

Bridget. Quarrelled ? No, not that ; but she has seen so many young fellows dangling about my young mistress, that her old mouth waters at them. Bridget says

says she the other day, to me, as I was pinning up her lappets, Miss Trevor, with all her youth, and all her beauty, I find, would not have so many admirers, if it was not for her fortune. Fortune, is what the young men run after now-a-days, and though I am a few years older than her, having a much better fortune, and a tolerable share of beauty, I do not see, but that if I was to lay out for it, I might get as good a husband as she can. . . .

Tom. Beauty ! (laughing) a super-
annuated, old

Bridget. Hear me out, fool —— as she
can (in an under voice) so, says
I, to her ; without doubt, Ma'am, you
may ; and if you would not be displeased,
I could

I could tell you now of a certain young gentleman, a man of distinction too, that would be glad to have you, in preference to all the flip-flop girls he has yet seen.

Tom. And how did she take it?

Bridget. just as I expected, — said, she would one day contrive to see him. Now, who do you think this young gentleman is?

Tom. I do not know.

Bridget. Guess.

Tom. I have not the least conception.

Bridget. No?—A handsome, straight, well-made young fellow, (*examining Tom*) with a *jenesequy* air, and as much brass upon his front as yourself.

Tom.

Tom. I thank you, kindly, for the compliment.

Bridget. Can't you guess now?

Tom. Not I.

Bridget. Dull oaf, --- that, though necessity obliges him sometimes to wear a cast coat, is as much of a gentleman (*examining Tom again,*) as any gentleman-valet need be.

Tom. But you called him a man of distinction.

Bridget. Suppose I did? --- There are men of distinction in every class. *I* will distinguish him; I will give him a title, and introduce him as a great man, and when he marries my lady, he shall give me half her fortune.

Tom.

Tom. Oh, — now I understand you.

Bridget. You do? And if you had had the understanding of a goose, you might have done so before. I have considered your situation, Tom, and, as at best, it is but a disagreeable one; I will put you upon a method of changing it.

Tom. I beg your pardon; my situation is far from being a disagreeable one; to a silly fellow, I own it is a troublesome employment; but, to a lad of spirit, it is full of charms. A superior genius that goes to service, does not confine himself to the menial offices of his employment; he goes into a family to command, rather than to obey; he begins by studying his master; he accommodates

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himself

himself to his foibles, gains his confidence, and thus leads him by the nose.

Bridget. Impudence! Well, but as a good fortune is still better, and as you are a smart fellow, Tom, and don't want for assurance, I have fixed upon you to court my mistress.

Tom, considering. That can't be — no; I can't possibly think of it — I am engaged to you.

Bridget. Suppose you are, — and suppose I let you off: if we marry, as we are, we must always be servants; but marry *her* and we'll divide her fortune between us, and then, if you have that fondness for me, you pretend, you may have me afterwards. For as
parson

parson . . . what d'ye call him, says, a man may have as many wives as he will; besides, as 'tis the fashion to live together in the old natural way, without being married, we may follow the example of our betters, and leave the ceremony out of the question.

Tom. True --- and it shall be so. But what will the world say?

Bridget. What signifies the world? The world will call us wife; will laugh at *her*, and commend *us*. You shall be Sir Thomas Flam, and she shall be My Lady Flam; --- but where can you get a dress or two to appear in?

Tom. That's easily settled; I have an acquaintance, whose master's cloaths

will exactly fit me; that master is now in the country, and he has access to the wardrobe.

Bridget. The very thing, — but not a word of this for your life; I will see you again soon — Mum's the word.

Tom. As silent as death — and with this kiss (kissing her) I'll seal up my lips.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

SPATTER had no sooner learnt that Ramble had a partiality for Miss Trevor, but he posts to Lady Dashit's, true gossip-like, to find out how she would receive the information.] He did not set out on a good-natured principle, in order to give pleasure; but with that ill-natured satisfaction, that meddlers feel in mortifying others.

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Spatter "

Spatter was a consummate slanderer, hacknied in all the ways of detraction; this frequently brought him into disagreeable situations; but being a rank coward, wherever he found that he gave offence, he would eat his words, and endeavour to explain away his assertions; and this he had so happy a mode of doing, as not to lose his acquaintance; for, though he was in a great measure seen through, the news he was able to communicate, made the lovers of tittle-tattle wink at his faults. When Spatter paid his visit at Lady Dashit's, she, and Miss Trevor were at work. Lady Dashit, envious of the admiration Miss Trevor met with from the men, had begun upon the subject.

“ You

" You are a fortunate girl, (said she)
 " my dear Emily, to have so many ad-
 " mirers." — " That depends, Ma'am,
 " (replied Miss Trevor) upon opi-
 " nion; where a woman's vanity leads
 " her to triumph over her lovers, she
 " has certainly means to gratify that
 " vanity, more amidst a number of
 " suitors, than when she has but one.
 " But when her affections are fixed, a
 " number of objects, can be only a dis-
 " agreeable interruption." Lady Dashit,
 by her insinuating, sifting manner, drew
 from Miss Trevor a declaration, that
 she lost her heart in the first interview
 with Colonel Ramble, but that she
 feared it would be attended with no
 good consequences to her, as she knew

little either of his disposition, his connexions, or his situation in life. Spatter being now announced and ushered, in, and the company seated, his first address to the ladies was, "Your Ladyship looks charmingly to day! — Miss Trevor, how divinely bright!"

"Full of compliments, Mr. Spatter," said Lady Dashit. "*Compliments*, Madam, (answered Spatter) is only a fashionable word for untruths, an article I never deal in, as I told my Lady Bab Squeamish, just now, when I was drinking a dish of chocolate with her."—"Pray, (says Lady Dashit) how is her Ladyship?" "At present (replied Spatter) never better

"better in her life; though the com-
 "pany were a little alarmed, this morn-
 "ing, at her fainting--for she was sit-
 "ting with her back to the fire, which,
 "in *certain* situations, ladies, you know,
 "will cause fainting --- a little fresh
 "air, however, and a cordial (sneering)
 "soon brought her to herself." "This
 "(observed Lady Dashit) is the first
 "time I ever heard any thing injuri-
 "ous to Lady Bab's character." "Good
 "God, Madam, (interrupted he) don't
 "suppose I advert to any thing impro-
 "per, the younger part of the com-
 "pany, 'tis true, laugh'd; but that, I
 "apprehend, was owing to the awk-
 "ward manner in which she fell. ---
 "No, Ladies, God forbid, any thing I

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"should:

“ should say, should injure her ladyship,
 “ in your good opinion; she is supposed
 “ to have a natural aversion to the
 “ male sex; but this, I presume, is
 “ merely a supposition. If she *had*
 “ made a slip, I should be the last per-
 “ son to divulge it: — You have heard,
 “ I suppose, Ladies, of Miss Blossom’s
 “ elopement with my Lord Random?”
 “ Not a syllable,” says Emily. “ *Really!*
 “ Good lack, I wonder at that, (re-
 “ turned he) for it’s been all over the
 “ town these two hours.” Lady Dashit,
 somewhat inquisitive, asked the par-
 ticulars.

“ Only, Madam, (continued he) that
 “ Miss Blossom has long had a secret
 “ *penchant*

“*penchant* for his Lordship, and that
 “ Random was dull enough not to see
 “ it; so that Miss Blossom found her-
 “ self under the necessity of declaring
 “ herself to him, in writing, in direct
 “ terms; that Lord Random im-
 “ proved upon the hint, and took her
 “ off in his chaise this morning, before
 “ the family was stirring.” — “ Why,
 “ really, (says Emily) I had a better
 “ opinion of Miss Blossom.” “ So had
 “ I, Miss Trevor; (returned Spatter)
 “ so had I, till this unlucky affair hap-
 “ pened; for, to be sure, Miss Blossom
 “ always preserved a proper decorum;
 “ till she found it *necessary* to wear a
 “ hoop.” “ Indeed! (says Lady Dashit

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“ to

"to Miss Trevor) how wonderfully
 "strange all this is!"

"'Tis much more strange to me, la-
 "dies, (retorts he) that you should not
 "have heard of it before. I must re-
 "quest, however, that you will not
 "quote *me* upon the occasion; for Miss
 "Blossom is a young lady for whom I
 "have the highest respect, and I would
 "not, for the world, any thing should
 "get abroad to her discredit. I na-
 "turally supposed that *you must* have
 "heard what *every one* has heard, or
 "my lips would have been locked;
 "for it is a rule with *me* not to be-
 "lieve *half* I hear; and what I *do*
 "believe

"believe, I am very cautious how I
 "repeat." At this the ladies could
 not refrain from laughing to them-
 selves. "How, Sir, (said Lady Dashit)
 "does Mr. Rattle take this?"—"Mr.
 "Rattle! (cries Spatter, recollecting)
 "Mr. Rattle, Ma'am! You mean Colonel
 "Ramble!" "No, Sir, (returned
 "Lady Dashit) I mean Mr. Rattle,
 "for, I understand she has long re-
 "ceived his visits."—"I never un-
 "derstood (continued Spatter, pon-
 "dering, and rather unhappy at mis-
 "sing such a piece of intelligence)
 "that Rattle waited upon her. Co-
 "lonel Ramble, indeed, pretends to be
 "over head and ears in love with
 "her,

"her, though he never saw her above
 "twice, (here the ladies expressed
 "surprise) at least he has intimated
 "as much to me; and though he
 "wears a cockade, if I was not ac-
 "quainted with his *tame* disposition,
 "I should fear the consequence would
 "be a duel."

Emily, struck with emotion, at these
 words and not being able to listen to
 language so disrespectful and de-
 rogatory to the character of a gen-
 tleman, she was pleased to think well
 of; upbraided Spatter with seeming
 to insinuate a *timidity* in the Colonel,
 and said, she thought his affections were
 engaged;

engaged; but was that not the case, and he was warmly attached to Miss Blossom, though he differs in sentiments from the rash young men of the age, I believe him to be a gentleman of too much spirit, not to resent an affront. Spatter, who now found he had brought himself into a difficulty, stammered out, "No, no, Miss Trevor, " I don't say . . . You certainly, Ma'am, " must have misconceived me;—I would " only be understood to infer, that Colonel Ramble is a man of gallantry, " loves every pretty woman he sees, and " courts every girl he meets; and has " too much world to draw his sword " for any of them." Miss Trevor could

could not but express her uneasiness at this story to Lady Dashit, and was almost ready to faint.

Spatter expressed a great deal of concern, was sorry for the confusion he had occasioned, was busy with his smelling-bottle, but chuckled in his sleeve, by having, by this emotion of Emily's, discovered her secret sentiments of Ramble, which would furnish him with a gossiping tale for the whole week.—“ So, so, so, so, (said he to himself) I've been doing mischief here, there's more in the wind than imagined! Ramble is not so indifferent in this house as I conceived— Miss Trevor, recovering, said, she thought

thought the Colonel had declared against a wife.

“ The declarations of young men,
 “ like him, (answered Spatter) are
 “ little more than wind ; for my part
 “ I never regard any thing he says ;
 “ Ramble’s a good natured fellow,
 “ but *entré nous*, one of the most
 “ idle, dissipated, unthinking, young
 “ men in the world. I have a great
 “ regard for him, and it hurts me
 “ exceedingly, to observe how he
 “ goes on ; though he has made a for-
 “ mal proposal to Miss Blossom ; to
 “ my certain knowledge, he is pay-
 “ ing his addresses to a young lady
 at the other end of the town.” — “ Sir,
 (said

“ (said Lady Dashit, warmly) the less
 “ you say of Colonel Ramble the better.
 “ Miss Trevor can’t bear to hear his
 “ name mentioned.”

Spatter, still at a loss what to say,
 the whole being rather mysterious to
 him; wishing to get at the truth, but
 not well knowing how, and conceiv-
 ing Ramble had given Miss Trevor
 some offence, begged her pardon, for
 having started so disagreeable a subject,
 and allowed that the Colonel was too
 incautious of offending:—“ I must
 “ own, (continued he) that Ramble
 “ is apt to carry two faces.” Here
 he was wrong again. Miss Trevor’s
 eyes sparkled with rage; “ You are
 “ the

"the only one, Mr. Spatter, (said she,
 "with some warmth) that I ever
 "heard say so; the reverse is rather
 "his character; he is too apt to speak
 "what he thinks."——Spatter, more
 embarrassed now than ever, with a
 kind of confused hesitation, replied,
 "I perfectly coincide with you, Miss
 "Trevor;——that is *exactly* what I
 "mean——He carries two faces;——
 "that is to say——a civil one to those
 "he is pleased to think well of, and
 "a rough one to those he dislikes."
 Conceiving he had now reconciled
 words that had before offended, he
 strutted about the room with a sort
 of inward triumph, and self-congratu-
 lation; then, turning about, added,
 "Well,

“ Well, Ladies, I’ll not trespass upon
 “ you longer ; if you have any com-
 “ mands to Lord Spangle, Lady
 “ Driveit, or the Miss Gadabouts, I
 “ shall be proud to bear them. I
 “ shall see them all in my way
 “ home.” With this he took his
 leave, saying to himself, as he hurried
 out, “ If I don’t make haste, the
 “ news will reach them before I shall
 “ be able to tell it.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

RAMBLE being alone one morning, at his lodgings, his chariot at the door, waiting to take him out, received an unexpected visit from Dangle, whom he had not seen, since Spatter had acquainted him with his adventures at Miss Trevor's. "You are a happy dog," Dangle, (said he) "I quite envy you. Carested by the men, admired by the women ;

“ women, and admitted to *such* tête-à-
“ têtes as I would give my ears to
“ enjoy !”

“ What was you doing the other
“ night, at Lady Dashit's? Report
“ says you was let out at the parlour-
“ window, at day-break.”—“ My life
“ for it, (says Dangle) that's one of
“ Spatter's lies; he's the greatest liar
“ in all Westminster, and so used to
“ lying, that he is surpris'd when he
“ catches himself at speaking truth.
“ What he knows of this business he
“ had from me, he can *improve* a story
“ as well as any man.”—“ And *spread*
“ it too (returned Ramble); he came
“ here full of it.

“ I wish

“ I wish, (says Dangle) his evil genius may not bring him into some scrape one day or other. I was there, ’tis true, and left the house rather late; nearer *one*, I believe, than twelve.”

“ Nay, it has got about, Dangle, that you was *unpowdered*, and in *deshabille*.”
“ That is carrying the joke too far, (re-torts Dangle) They may say what they please of *me*; but I cannot suffer Miss Trevor’s character to be trifled with.—
“ I see, then, (replied Ramble) you *can* be nettled.”—“ Emily’s a lovely girl, (adds Dangle) the object of my idolatry; and I would cut any man’s throat that dare traduce her. I wish,
“ Ramble,

"Ramble, you would speak a good
 "word for me there;—she has the
 "highest opinion of *you*; for, with all
 "my effrontery, damme, if I have as-
 "surance enough to tell her how much
 "I love her."—"And you wish me to
 "do it for you, (said Ramble)? You had
 "better not trust me. I have a parti-
 "ality for Miss Trevor, myself, and,
 "of course, shall be a poor advocate
 "for another. What would you say,
 "now, if I was to rival you?"—"You
 "have too much honour, (answered he)
 "for that."—"Egad, honour's but a
 "feeble restraint, (observed Ramble)
 "where love takes the lead. However,
 "if it will be doing you a good office,
 "I'll make a point of it."—Pleased as
 "Dangle

Dangle did not forget to caution the Colonel not to commit him. "That
 " pride of yours (says Ramble) ever
 " stands in your way. If I can
 " bring about the *matter*, never
 " mind the *manner*."

This business was but just settled, when the servant announced Mr. Rattle and Mr. Saunter.—Rattle was an active, noisy fellow, a buck of the first head, and always *awake*; his friend Saunter was the reverse, an indolent, lazy, yawning chap, ever *asleep*; so indolent, that he could scarce drag his legs after him. I can no ways account for such men associating together, except it is, that

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the character of one, must be always a source of mirth to the other.

"I saw your carriage at the door (says Rattle) and should not have

"broke in upon you, but to beg

"your company to-morrow evening,

"at the Shakespear, where the Whig-

"club are to meet, and you will

"probably be entertained;" "I am

"a very moderate man (says Ram-

"ble) but have no objection to

"go with you, if I find myself

"at liberty." "Why, where are

"you bound to (replies Rattle?)"

"—To the house (answered Ram-

"ble) of a fine woman,"—"By all

"that's great (added Rattle) had

you been with me, the other night,

" at

" at Covent - Garden, you'd have
 " been charmed, with a girl that
 " fat in the box before me!—*Such*
 " eyes!—*Such* a countenance!—
 " *Such* a figure!—I never saw her
 " equal. I could not find out who
 " she was.—Saunter was there, but
 " half asleep, as he always is, and lost
 " the seeing of what perhaps he'll
 " never meet with again." "My good
 " friend (replied Saunter—yawning)
 " the play-house is the only place
 " where one can doze in your com-
 " pany; for your damn'd rattle,
 " whenever it is set a-going, is
 " enough to rouse a whole neigh-
 " hood." "What, sleep in a play-house!
 " (says Ramble) I should think, Ned,

" that the amusements there would
 " keep you awake." " That, (says
 " Saunter) among other things, is a
 " proof of your want of world.—No
 " man of *Ton* ever goes to the The-
 " atre, for the amusements of that
 " Theatre. Do you imagine a sensi-
 " ble man, would open his ears to
 " the whinings of a stage, or his
 " eyes to its fopperies? Formerly
 " there was something to be *heard*
 " and *seen*; now 'tis all trick, frip-
 " pery, and sing-song. No, no, Ram-
 " ble, a play-house now is the finest
 " after-dinner lounge that can be;
 " where a man may take a nap
 " without fear of being disturbed by
 " noisy coxcombs and eternal bab-
 " blers."

" Saunter,

"Saunter (says Rattle) is now aiming to be satyrical; he's too lazy to talk himself, and too splenetic to hear others talk."—You'd better be silent (says Ramble)—you'll stand no chance with Rattle,—Aye Saunter take the Colonel's advice, you can ill bear fatigue, and talking is almost as troublesome to you as thinking.—Come, you may as well go with me to the Riding-house."
 "—With all my heart, return'd Saunter (yawning); for I have nothing to do."

"Saunter (says Rattle addressing himself to Ramble,) has a comfortable time of it; *his* work is all ways

"ways done; meet him when you
 "will, he's at every man's service,
 "for (yawning and imitating Saun-
 "ter's manner) he has nothing to
 "do.—But we detain you Colonel—
 "may the girl you are going to see
 "be as kind to you as you wish."

END OF VOL. I.